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THE DEAD TASSO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

An urn for holy ashes, Italy,
A shapely obelisk, whiter than the sheen
Of one pure soul, new comer to the stars;
For be that was the gateway of thy dreams—
The ember of thy visions grand and new—
Whose fame hath domed thee like a sky of fire,
Thy golden-mouthed, thy silver-tongued one,
Thy should be crowned lies disencrowned before thee.
Oh, for thy glory, weeping Italy!
Ah, for thy shame, too, land of glorious doome!
Drop down thy palms from thy blue, tearful eyes,
And kiss thee through the twilight of the place,
Seeking a tomb fit for thy lofty dead!
Pile high the altar of his memory
With the rich incense of thy fragrant deeds;
And then, go weep! Tears are not all in vain!
From the snow-strewn high up bleak Alpine steeps,
That blush for thee each crimson eventide,
To the far indolence of that extreme,
Sung to by syrens the sweet summer through,
Send the deep lyric tones of thy lament,
Saddening the immemorial Appenine,
And broadening o'er the conscious Tyrrhene sea,
Sadder, sadder, towards the Afric coast,
Until, o'erwearied with its mournfulness,
The blue waves rock it to a sleep of death.
For who shall dare, with bold hand irreverent,
The tyre of Zion, wherein stately plumes
Serve to the convulsion of the anger rhyme,
And hope to take again his scathed wand?
Nor on that last, cold, dismal, ruthless day,
The skyward chariot of his prophecy
Dropt down an prophet robe.

Thou, too, O Rome
Fair-sited, seven-hilled, and ever Tiber-swept,
Stage-domed, and starry with ancestral fame,
Down through the midnight of thy cypresses
How low the locks bright with the Cæsars' beams,
And weep like April in the greening woods
Thy penitential grief. Be clad in robes
Fit for a princely weeper, and, with hands
Blow travelers from thy mournful, flooded eyes.
Down to thy holy task on bended knee.
Plait thou the laurel for that forehead pale,
Late mocked by crown of thorns. Then let there be
The glare of torches, and high mummery!
The long, dull, monkish line beneath the stars,
Black-drawn round corners of the dusky street;
The chant and pageant 'neath imperial dome;
Then leave his ruin'd greatness to repose
And the far ages' wonder, ever new.

Original Novelet.

AMAZONIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY H. W. PETTIT.

Masked balls were somewhat in vogue in that section of the Old Dominion at this period, and as they were fashionable they were quite frequent. In fact, the nearest approach to anything like the old feudal customs and pleasant observances of the old country is to be found in Virginia, amongst the chivalric sons of those chivalric men who fought the battles of the revolution. The old mansion, wide park, the knightly hospitality, the luxury, wealth, sporting propensities and sensitive pride of birth and station, are yet some of the characteristics and appurtenances of the old families still living in that state. Masked balls, although nearly obsolete in many parts of the country, were maintained with vigor in the vicinity of the scene of our story, and a great addition they were to the variety of the winter amusements.

Major Carper, a gentleman who contributed much to enliven the long, frosty evenings, announced to his friends and neighbors his intention of giving a masked ball for their entertainment; which announcement was greeted with much pleasure, and accepted with great cordiality. The weather was propitious, and Major Carper's saloons were filled to overflowing with an assemblage representing almost every costume in the civilized world. Soldiers, priests, banditti, muleteers, pages, guerillas, peasant girls, senoritas, grisettes, and dominos of all descriptions peopled the crowded rooms. Major Carper bustled about among his guests, habited in a simple, half military dress, greeting all with a good humored sociability that conduced much to the general happiness of the occasion. The halls blazing with a hundred lights resounded with gay music, while the floor the great saloon was covered with waltzers, whirling swiftly through the mazes of the dance. Others, less excited by the merry strains, were content to join in a quiet game of cards, and not a few walked arm in arm, or ensconced themselves in some secluded corner, intent upon some light intrigue, or prosecuting a lighter flirtation.

Altamont appeared to much advantage habited as an English cavalier of the sixteenth century, with a lark velvet short cloak, long hose, and a rapier. The character was one admirably fitted to his form and carriage, causing him to be the observed of all observers, as he slowly passed through the chatting throng of maskers, looking with anxious scrutiny upon every figure, as if he would penetrate their disguises and ascertain the true character of the wearers. His eye roamed unsatisfactorily over the assemblage; still he searched from room to room for one whom he felt sure to recognise should he once behold her beneath any disguise. At last his attention is arrested by the entrance of a stately figure, richly robed in a court dress, of the same age and country of his own costume. With all the majesty of a queen the proud figure swept by him, half dazzling him by the splendor of her garments, and while yet the soft rustling of velvet and satin were upon his ear, he recognised the curl dancing beneath her glittering tiara, the same dark brown ringlet, the same arm, hand, foot and air of graceful dignity, of which he had taken an inventory upon a frosty morning some time before, while delivering a letter to one Miss Lydia Falcondale. He could not be mistaken; without a moment's hesitation his heart pronounced to him the fact that she was none other the paragon.

Taking the usual liberties accorded at a masquerade Henry found himself in a few moments much engaged in an entertaining conversation with the lady in whom he had taken such an interest. Later in the evening he ventured to lead her upon the floor of the dancing hall several times, much to the vexation of other gallants, and to the particular annoyance of a surly looking bandit in a black domino, who sat watching the couple in moody silence, concealed partly from observation by the curtain of a deep bay window. And ever and anon as Altamont proffered some tender politeness to the lady, the gentleman in black would mutter an oath of dissatisfaction, and assume all the expression of the deepest hate.

Altamont and Lydia, entirely unconscious of the imprecations bestowed upon them, were rapidly becoming greatly charmed with each other. Each of the other, and each was conscious of being returned, although custom forbade the expression of recognition by mentioning the name, or otherwise hazarding the disguise adopted for the occasion. Strolling through the saloons they came to the conservatory, where they found an arbor arranged with inviting seats, which they, as with mutual consent, immediately occupied. Conversation flowed in various channels, graced by piquant anecdote and flowers of wit. Altamont related many personal incidents concerning his acquaintance with Amazonia, at the same time concealing the name and scenes; narrating the story as of some friend of his in Europe. Miss Falcondale listened with marked interest as Altamont dilated upon his friend's dislike of the spoiler of his sports and mustachios, encouraging him to proceed by an occasional laugh of hearty enjoyment. But as he closed the recital by rather warmly applying the epithets of uncouth, indelicate, unwomanly, barbarous, and others of like nature to the heroine of his story, his listener laughed not, but instead her snowy neck flushed with deepest crimson. Altamont alarmed, noticed the change, and anxious to remedy his fault, he took her hand in his, and begged to know his crime. She noticed him not, and seemed scarcely aware of his presence even, but gazed as if entranced in another direction. Upon looking in the same course, Altamont saw a black domino, through whose mask there gleamed two piercing eyes, rivetted with fixed watchfulness upon the occupants of the alcove. It was the same person who had followed their movements with unlisting espionage the whole evening—the bandit. Altamont had already perceived this, and with the usual Virginian hastiness, he resolved upon an instant explanation. Arising for this purpose, he advanced towards the stranger, who, anticipating his intention, evaded him, and going close to Lydia Falcondale, he whispered a few words in her ear and immediately left the room. The lady who had arisen turned pale with what had been told her, and as if overcome sank again into her chair.

Altamont, amazed at what he saw, longed to solve the mystery, and would have pursued the retreating mask, had not the situation of the lady demanded his immediate attention. She declined all his assistance in calling her friends, and asked for a glass of water. Henry flew to execute her desire, but was again astonished by finding she had gone upon his return. He searched the rooms through and through before he became satisfied that she was truly gone—he saw her no more that evening. Some time later he wandered listlessly into the billiard-room, where he found a number of gentlemen enjoying their Havannas, and chatting with familiarity. None were a mask excepting a light-hearted, talkative little Frenchman, who entered soon after Altamont. This volatile little Gascon puffed a Mexican cigarita with immense gusto, and playfully sported with his rapier, while making many pointed observations and suggestions, strutting about with all the assumption and consequence imaginable. There was nothing but what Monsieur Lafosse could do, nothing but what he knew, and no place but what he had visited. Upon the whole, it was quite evident Monsieur Lafosse would find himself in a quarrel if he did not bridle his tongue soon, and still more evident, that it was a matter of indifference to the Monsieur if he should get into a dozen quarrels—in fact, his extravagant and lying effrontery seemed to awe his listeners to silence, for no one ventured to question the veracity of his statements, but were satisfied to laugh at his pleasantries, as they called them, and consider them good jokes.

Seeing Altamont standing by one of the tables with a cue in his hand, he went up to him with affable assurance, and asked him if he played at billiards.

"Sometimes," replied Henry.

"I will play Monsieur one game for fifty dollars, if he has the courage."

"As you please, sir," replied Henry again, coldly.

And without further preliminary or conversation, they commenced the contest. Each played with skill, and as the game grew to the close, the strife increased in warmth, and excitement arose higher and higher. The game progressed until the last coup proclaimed Altamont the winner. He triumphantly pocketted the fifty dollar note which Monsieur Lafosse tossed to him, and sympathized with his eccentric antagonist on the unfortunate issue of the affair.

"Monsieur cheated, I think, in counting," said the imperturbable Frenchman, with a coolness positively icy.

"Sir, your suspicions are entirely unfounded," exclaimed Altamont, to the highest degree incensed at such an imputation.

"Nevertheless, Monsieur did cheat," quoth Monsieur Lafosse, with a positive air.

"Sir, you are a liar!" said Altamont, foaming with indignation.

"Monsieur is no gentleman," quietly remarked the Frank.

"You are a coward," replied Henry, purple with anger.

"Monsieur is doubtless afraid to lose his life—he dare not fight—"

"Choose your weapons, miscreant, and you will find that billiards is not the only game with which I am acquainted."

"Swords."

"The place?"

"Here—and the time, now."

No one was in the room but themselves and the black domino, who had retreated to the shade of the farthest corner, where he stood listening to their angry dispute; the remainder of the company had gone long before the game at billiards was half finished. The presence of the sombre-clad individual, who made a little scene once before that evening, struck Altamont as indicative of some preconcerted plan to result in a personal injury to himself. Half alarmed by his suspicions, he decided on going through the affair now at all hazards. As there was apparently no honorable retreat left, it seemed that he had no other alternative; therefore, making a virtue of necessity, he assumed an air of easy frankness, and advancing to the pseudo bandit, requested his services as second.

"I remain at your command, with pleasure."

"Will Monsieur have the kindness to be my friend, also?" asked Lafosse.

"With the permission of my principal, Mr. Altamont," replied he, briefly.

"You know me, then?" said Altamont.

"I have known you for years."

"Who are you? Why do you persecute me by this continual espionage?" demanded Henry, fiercely.

"You shall know presently, but not now," replied the black gentleman.

Altamont scowled upon him a moment most savagely, but perceiving he made no impression upon the unflinching front presented to him, he requested him to procure suitable weapons for the Monsieur and himself. This he did without leaving the room, as there were numerous specimens of armor depending from the walls. Selecting two fine rapiers of excellent temper, equal in length, similar in shape and finish, he laid them upon the table, and retreated once more to his post of observation. Monsieur Lafosse insisted that Altamont should have the choice of weapons, while he as pertinaciously refused to accept the favor. At last, overwhelmed by the Monsieur's excessive politeness, Altamont placed his hand upon one while looking in the opposite direction, showing the utmost indifference to the matter of choice; the Frenchman, with equal sangfroid, picking up the other, severely tried its elasticity by bending the point so as to touch the hilt. Removing his cloak, and displaying a form of faultless symmetry, the Monsieur placed himself opposite his antagonist who, regarding him with admiration for his happy ease, said, with an approach to softening humor—

"I regret to be obliged to kill so good a fellow."

"Monsieur is very kind, but being still at your service, I would remark, the battle is still unfought," answered the courteous little swordsman.

"Perhaps Monsieur Lafosse is unaware that he is about to engage with the best fencer in Virginia," said Henry, with a slight tone of vanity.

"N'importe! Monsieur Altemonte. Garde!" and the next moment their swords were crossed in conflict.

The room resounded with the rapid clashing, while a shower of sparks fell from their gleaming weapons. Henry, bent upon chastising the audacious Frenchman, pressed the assault at every point; while on the other hand, his antagonist defended himself with an ease and address positively provoking. As the conflict waxed hotter, and the flashing blades moved more rapidly, the black domino, their second, absorbed with interest and nearly breathless with excitement, unsheathed his sword and approached within a few paces of the duellists.

Monsieur Lafosse is wounded—the second starts suddenly forward. Ah! it's a mere scratch upon the hand, yet the blood drips fast from the cut, and spatters the floor with crimson drops—*still they fight on.* The Frenchman retreats before the fierce advances of Altamont, and he in return withdraws from the assaults of Lafosse. Thus advancing and retreating, the combatants do miracles of skill, and seem almost equally matched. Heavens! what a deadly thrust Altamont makes; surely, the Frenchman is finished. The point glanced from a button, and passed beneath his arm—a narrow escape, indeed.

Withdrawing the weapon instantly, he found himself obliged to parry a perfect fury of blows, and in a moment his sword was flying from his grasp while the point of the Frenchman's blade was pressing his breast in fearful proximity to his heart. Lafosse was victor, and the best fencer in Virginia defeated.

"Monsieur Altamont, your life is at my mercy," said the conqueror.

"The truth of your assertion, Monsieur Lafosse, is undeniable," replied Altamont, somewhat crestfallen.

"You are *again* indebted to me for that life?"

"How *again*? What said you? Wherefore this mystery? Who are you?" demanded Altamont excitedly.

"See," said the Frenchman, removing his mask and hat, and allowing the curls to fall upon his shoulders.

"Whom do I behold? Yes, it is—my God, 'tis *Amazonia*. And who is yonder bandit—I am prepared to witness more than wonders with indifference now. Ha, my old friend and schoolmate, Julian Paul!

CHAPTER III.

MISANTHROPY.

"Curses upon her! on him—Paul—my earliest friend; now my most hateful enemy. Fool that I am. Why don't I blow my own brains out? I, the proud Altamont, unequalled in manly accomplishments—excelled—defeated by a woman—and still living to bear the disgrace and chagrin. And he my bosom friend! how have I merited this disgrace from him? There is no good in man, no delicacy in woman, no faith in friendship." So Henry stormed and raved as he strode homeward boiling with indignation, and filled with wrath towards the human race in general, and the faithless Julian and roguish Amazon in particular. He ground his teeth in vexation and chagrin as he meditated over the series of humiliations he had been subjected to during his acquaintance with the fair Diana, and drooped his head in mortification as he remembered her laughing glances of wicked triumph as she bade him a playful good-night at their last interview. He could stay there no longer it was evident; he could not go among his acquaintances and endure their patronizing raillery. He hated such intercourse, and despised his inferiors; with two exceptions he had already become a man-hater. And those exceptions were Lydia Falcondale and his old father.

Hastily packing his portmanteau and writing a short note to his father, announcing his intention to explore western scenery for awhile, he called his servant, and confided to his care a small packet containing a locket to be delivered to Miss Falcondale. The morning sun found him far on his westward road, and ere ten days had elapsed, by the aid of steam he had placed a thousand miles between him and his home.

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Our next scene finds Altamont mounted on a counterpart of his favorite chestnut horse at home, and equipped with every desideratum of a western hunter, accompanied by his faithful boy "Tom," and followed by a pack of hounds and pointers all wending a tortuous path into the heart of a western forest. In Altamont's company were three young gentlemen, who had each made a pilgrimage from the old cities of the Eastern States to this wild frontier in mere pursuit of pleasure. With Altamont pleasure was secondary. The foremost object with him was seclusion—he sought a retirement that combined the attractive excitement of the chase with solitude. To his companions it was to be but a month's amusement; with him it was to be a hermit life. It was here in the presence of giant trees, and amid an echoing wilderness, that our hero felt the return of his own mild, happy spirits once more. His superior skill in the use of the implements of sporting won from his companions encomiums that were a grateful balm to his wounded pride. The free Robin Hood life, the healthy air and unequalled sport all added to the buoyant elastic influences of this new existence. Pillowed upon the moss-covered earth with nought to intercept the soft rays of the moon but the interlacing branches of the wood, they nightly slept. Astir with the approach of the earliest dawn they would daily scamper through those leafy glades, sometimes out upon the sunny prairies dealing death to the bewildered grouse, and arousing the web-footed denizens of the ponds and marshes which dot the landscape here and there. And again they would skillfully whip some clear brook abounding with matchless trout. Trout that were still in the unsophisticated state of nature, and knew not what it was to be angled for, and that, to my mind, was the best sport of all. It requires considerable talent and finesse to humbug a trout into swallowing an artificial fly of his own accord; but almost anybody can take advantage of a bird's inattention and shoot it flying.

Frequent deer rewarded their patient stalking, and venison became as common with them as veal in Fulton market. And upon one occasion they conquered a veritable bear, a full-grown bruin. Great were the rejoicings in their little camp that night. Tom's first attempt at cooking bear's meat was pronounced a chef d'ouvre by all. The first course was bear stew a la Tom, followed by the fattest of brook trout. Then a grand melange of wild turkey, prairie fowl, teal, quail, and plover, though it must be confessed that some of them were out of season. That little objection was, however waived on the present interesting occasion, as on the morrow the three amateur frontiermen departed for their eastern homes, leaving Altamont the monarch of all he surveyed; and in honor of the happy hours they had spent together they consumed Tom's heavy pudding, (pshaw! pudding for supper,) and imbibed immense quantities of rum punch, which, on the whole, is a happier way of getting drunk than the more approved method of mixing up an inextricable jumble of cakes, pastries, jellies, baked meats, stale jokes, blanc mange, insipid stories, and endless quantities of bogus champagne, although I would not vouch for either way being much approved of in this Maine Law generation. At any rate our rollicking young friends, regardless of city authorities, much less the remainder of the world, revelled through the whole of that balmy autumn night, falling exhausted into a drowse just as the rosy tint of morning tipped the tree-tops, leaving the delicious incense of their smouldering Havannas to be wasted on the desert air, which last I consider sheer wickedness; let alone the scarcity and high price of a genuine article of Havannas. In my opinion it is no great disgrace to smoke a cigar stub, especially if the cigars cost $100 per M.

Altamont had, in the course of the mellow communicativeness of his mood the previous evening, imparted the story of his grievances to his companions; the reason why he had voluntarily left society and banished himself to those distant solitudes; and why he hated womankind, and despised professions of friendship; so that upon bidding each other adieu, there were no questions of explanation, no urging on either side. But it was good-bye! adieu! farewell! good-luck to you, old fellow! and away they went; one party going back to civilization, the other plunging deeper into the untrodden forest. It was now Altamont felt that he was leaving the world behind him, as he for several days led his little band of packhorses farther westward with the compass for his only guide. Emerging at last from a narrow gorge within which he had been travelling for many miles, he found himself on a smooth, open savannah, bounded in front by a noble river, and on the back by high wood-covered bluffs.

"Now, Tom," said he, "if you can only arrange it so as to land our traps safe and dry on the other side of this river, there will we pitch our tents."

Tom was not long engaged in constructing a rude raft, upon which he placed the luggage, while he forced the horses to swim behind.

"There," said Henry, "drawing a sigh of satisfaction, "I guess it will be many years before civilization will extend as far as this."

Wise guess that. A railroad bridge was built across the river at that very point in less than three years afterwards; and the ground staked out into city lots, though there are only two houses there yet—and it is not likely the third one will ever be built.

Altamont's first great business was the erection of a hermitage—in the building of which, Tom proved to be an ingenious, serviceable fellow. The site was a beautiful one, embosomed in a little nook in the hills facing a bend in the river; giving an uninterrupted view down its surface for miles. A spring of clear, cold water, bubbled out of the bank near by, while sufficient shade was thrown by the few gigantic trees which surrounded the spot. Slightly elevated above the smooth slope of the plain, the little knoll assumed a commanding position, while its pretensions as a hill sunk into insignificance when compared to the towering bluffs behind. Here it was that the elegant Henry swung the ax, and plied the mattock for weeks in the erection of a home. Tom improvising harnesses out of all sorts of original material, degraded the hunters to the menial offices of hauling logs and stone. Fine white sand strewed the river-shores in endless abundance, while the entire hills seemed composed of limestone. All the indispensable materials were thus in the most desirable convenience and profusion.

They toiled on together, Henry and his boy Tom, until their dwelling was completed; the master looking more like a healthy young hod carrier, than the languid exquisite, who sported the fancy title of the "best fencer" in Virginia, at the Major's masquerade; and he appeared now in his rough, mortar-stained garments as good a mechanic as he then did in his more fastidious array as the champion billiard player and winner of Monsieur Lafosse's fifty dollar note.

'Twas finished; in honor of the event they let off a *feu-de-joie*, of four double-barreled fowling-pieces, winding up with a hip! hip! hurrah! which awoke new echoes in that wide solitude. It was a low cottage of capacious length and width, built of rough limestone. In front it was sheltered by an ample porch, which added much to its comfortable appearance, and was in fact all it appeared to be. Another salute to the grand occasion, with the addition of two rifles; and again Henry's joyous voice joined in a loud hurrah. The horses pricked their ears in astonishment, and ceased for a while their grazing—but the dogs entering more into the true spirit of the affair, yelped and bayed according to their respective capabilities in that line, careered with arched tail in wide circles over the natural lawn—displaying a jubilant feeling Altamont considered altogether appropriate. He felt the extremest enjoyment of self-gratulation in the completion of this ill-shapen edifice, which he considered a marvel in its line, (which it was—but then its line!) and on the whole a masterpiece of architecture. He experienced all that self-satisfied sensation of importance which young men of leisure will sometimes upon the performance of their first manual labor, more especially if the task is unnecessary and self-imposed. "What would my friend the Countess at Baden Baden say; what would my old protege Lord Millsop think, or Julian Paul, (the villain,) or Ma'mselle Amazonia, the nuisance, or anybody that ever knew or saw me, the scented fopling I used to be?" All this passed through his brain, and confirmed him in his original intention of spending his life in this lonely scene. "These brown cheeks, clothed with a beard like a pirate, the sun won't hurt their complexion; and these calloused hands, they need no gloves—and ye gods, what an appetite, such living—better than the best; how sweet is sleep, too—no tossing in bed all night with headache and heartache—none of that now—no, everything is wild, untrammeled, uncivilized, guiltless, therefore happy—yes, and light-hearted too. Tra! la! la! la! Tra! la! etc." In this joyous strain he often soliloquized, ending off with a song or loud jovial ha! ha!

The interior of this lodge in the wilderness, was divided into two rooms. The smaller one was Altamont's sanctum, sleeping apartment, etc., while the other and more spacious room, was more especially Tom's dominion. The hall, saloon, parlor, with drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen, servant's dormitory and store-room, and in fact all the rooms excepting cellar and Henry's closet, were included in this useful apartment. The walls, which were plastered, were hung with rifles, fowling-pieces, powder-horns, shot-bags, fishing rods, and the various implements and etceteras required in a hunter's life; while from the rafters depended venison hams, pelts and furs in abundance; trophies of his daily warfare with the denizens of the forest. A monstrous fire-place extended nearly across the end of the room—and when piled high with hickory logs, the inmates might bid defiance to the longest and coldest night in winter.

It was here that our adventurer spent a long and rigorous winter, without beholding a human face other than that of his devoted servant Tom. The returning spring found him the perfection of rude health. Where one year before had been a desponding invalid, now behold a very Samson. No coarseness had as yet entered into his form, but every faculty seemed in its heyday of activity. The shoulders were broader and the chest fuller, the muscles more firm, and the sinews like cords of steel; all of which had attained that perfection of development in the daily exercise of his wild wood-life. With a just feeling of pride, he would twist his arms and admire the swelling muscles; saying to Tom, "You can't get such flesh as that, old boy, by billiard playing or dawdling around women. No, sir—instead of such a limb, it would have been about as large as a good sized walking-stick, if I had remained at home degenerating into effeminacy, dancing all night and dozing all day. Pshaw—why didn't I make this pilgrimage years ago, before I was insulted and vanquished by that Amazonian jade, betrayed by Julian Paul, or captivated by Lydia Falcondale?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEMALE BEAUTY.—The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eye-brows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl of the teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric, and grease. In nearly all islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and keeping the wounds open for a long time form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular mutilation is made among them by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint. In ancient Persia, an acquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattens the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Arracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows, that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which, in childhood, are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in finger-nails so long that casings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. In the north-west coast of America an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guiana the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the points resting on the chin.

JERUSALEM.—If you stay in the Holy City long enough to fall in anything like regular habits of amusement and occupation, and to become, in short, for the time "a man about town" in Jerusalem, you will necessarily lose the enthusiasm which you may have felt when you trod the sacred soil for the first time, and it will then seem almost strange to you to find yourself so entirely surrounded in all your pursuits by the signs and sounds of religion. Your hotel is a monastery—your rooms are cells—the landlord is a stately abbot, and the waiters are hooded monks. If you walk out of the town, you find yourself on the Mount of Olives, or in the valley of Jehosaphat, or on the Hill of Evil Counsel. If you mount your horse and extend your rambles, you will be guided to the wilderness of St. John, or the birthplace of our Saviour. Your club is the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where everybody meets everybody every day. If you lounge through the town, your Pall Mall is the Via Dolorosa, and the object of your hopeless affections is some maid or matron all forlorn, and sadly shrouded in her pilgrim's robe. If you would hear music, it must be the chanting of friars. If you look at pictures, you see virgins with miserably foreshortened arms, or devils out of drawing, or angels tumbling up the skies in impious perspective. If you would make any purchases, you must go again to the church doors; and when you inquire for the manufactures of the place, you find that they consist of double-bleseed beads, and sanctified shells. These last are the favorite tokens which the pilgrims carry off with them. The shell is graven, or rather scratched on the white side, with a rude drawing of the Blessed Virgin, or of the Crucifixion, or some other Scriptural subject; having passed this stage, it goes into the hands of a priest; by him it is subjected to some process for rendering it efficacious against the schemes of our ghostly enemy; the manufacture is then complete, and is deemed to be fit for use.—*Eothen.*

EFFECT OF FEMALE BEAUTY.—We read in the "Lives of the Fathers" a story of a child that was brought up in the wilderness, from his infancy, by an old hermit. Now, come to man's estate, he saw, by chance, two comely women wandering in the woods: he asked the old man what creatures they were; he told him. After a while talking, the hermit demanded of him which was the pleasantest sight that he ever saw in his life: he readily replied the two he spied in the wilderness. So that, without doubt, there is some secret loadstone in a beautiful woman.

CÆSAR DUCORNET, THE PAINTER.

[As the death of Ducornet occurred recently, the following account of him may prove interesting:]

One night in January, 1806, a poor woman, residing in a very humble abode in the city of Lille, was about to become a mother. When an event so important occurs in a family, whether it be prosperous or miserable, there is a something in it so touching to the heart, that all the people hail it as a blessing.

So, then, on the evening we speak of, the moment was come when privation and misery, anxiety and pain, all were about to be forgotten. The poor woman was in the very crisis of her travail, the happy father was kissing his dear mother-in-law, when a shriek put an end to his joy; the little stranger had come into the world without arms.

This little babe was destined to become the great painter Ducornet.

Poor thing! he looked very helpless, but his very misfortune proved the beginning of his fame—it made people speak about him. Was not that an advantage in our day?—are there not many longing for celebrity who would gladly buy it at the same price? He was born likewise with half legs only; the upper part, by some extraordinary freak of nature, had been left out of his organization. He had feet, however, but only four toes to each—a big toe and three little ones; and with these our little hero ——. But we must not anticipate.

From his infancy, before he could have understood the precious consequences, Cæsar contrived to impart to his feet the greatest dexterity—we had nearly said handiness—in playing at marbles, spinning his peg-top, and in performing all the other little sports of his age. He was a quick scholar at college; and M. Dumoncelle, his writing master, wanted to make him one of the craft; but his vocation was already chosen. A nobler art had already touched his soul—the sight of pictures had quickened his own genius; and little Four Toes was an artist himself.

On one occasion, after he had been absorbed for hours in admiring the sublime portrait of Christ, by Vandyke, at the Gallery of Lille, he resolved that he would be a painter, nothing but a painter, whatever pains it might cost him.

In the meantime the writing-master, Dumoncelle, complained most bitterly that his favorite pupil neglected his own beloved art of caligraphy, and did nothing but scrawl men and women in his copy-books. Amongst others the angry writing-master, in the extremity of his wrath, sought the sympathy of Watteau, who at that time superintended the School of Design at Lille.

"Good! excellent! capital!" cried Watteau, delighted, as he examined the little sketches; and the consequence was that little Four Toes, or Cæsar Ducornet, as they called him by name, became a pupil of the drawing class. In less than eighteen months he had succeeded to win all the prizes but one.

Some years later, the Duke of Angouleme, passing through Lyons and seeing his work, was so deeply interested by his genius and natural infirmity, that he offered to carry Cæsar to Paris. Little Four Toes declined the gracious offer, not wishing to quit his native town until he carried off the great prize of all. He did this soon after, and then the young painter took his way to Paris—that city of the humanities, where merit of every kind is sure to be fostered.

Ducornet was received into the Academy of Fine Arts, as the pupil of Gerard. He soon obtained a medal of the third class; then one of the second class; after that a pension on the Civil List; then an order from M. de Labourdonnaye, Home Minister, for the picture of "Saint Louis Dispensing Justice Beneath the Oak."

In 1829, when he was only twenty-three, this wonderful man competed for the great prize of Rome, and got an equivalent for the second prize. His competing picture, "Jacob Refusing to Let his Son Benjamin Depart," was exhibited for the benefit of the poor, and a good subscription was the consequence.

Thus he, who might naturally have been an object of charity himself, was, on the contrary, its distributor. What a lesson to those who have all their limbs to labor with, and cannot even earn their own bread!

Louis Philippe, in 1832, gave him an order for a portrait. Whilst occupied in painting it—and his father, who was almost perpetually by his side, happening to be absent—Cæsar Ducornet, for the first time, snatched up his pencil with his teeth, and painted as skillfully as he had hitherto done with his feet!

The talent of this singular artist is full of thought, poetry, life and expression; his coloring is perfect. As to his figure, he is not four feet high; his body is slender, his head large, full, and grandly developed, as phrenologists would say. His voice is powerful and sonorous, his conversation lively, and replete with happy thoughts and lively sallies. A stranger expects to see in him something disagreeable. But no, he thinks otherwise when he enters his atelier and his eye alights upon Cæsar, holding his coloring-board with one foot, and his pencil with the other. His look is very picturesque, and many beautiful women and ladies of rank visit him to enjoy his lively, sensible *chit chat.* If any of his particular friends call upon him, he always presents him a *foot* with great cordiality, and shakes him by the hand!

What a heart he has for true love and affection! His father has hardly once quitted him for a moment since his birth. In order to preserve the delicacy of his touch, he must abstain from walking; his father carries him from place to place. Thus they are always together, two bodies with one soul; you cannot see one without seeing the other. To part would be death to either of them!

HANGING A DEAD MAN.—Lord Braxfield died in George Square, and was laid in his coffin without the attendance at that ceremony of any relatives or friends. The chief parties present were two undertakers, a man and a boy; our informant, very many years after, was the latter. When the "cheating" had been performed, great was the lad's horror and astonishment to see his elder companion draw from his pocket the end of a rope which he had hitched into a noose, and put it round the neck of the corpse. With many an oath he feigned to hang the dead judge, shouting with ghastly glee into the listless ear, "Monie a ane hae ye hangit, ye auld sinner, and noo ye're hangit yersel', hoo d'ye like it, ye auld deevil?"—*Cockburn.*

THE UTILITY OF FAT MEAT.—When fat meat is judiciously used, it is said on high authority to be among the best kinds of food which can be used. It is economical, and it is healthful, especially in cold weather, as it furnishes fuel for the system. It is said that those who use fat meat are rarely consumptive. Perhaps the use of cod-liver oil, by consumptive persons, may be explained on a similar principle.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - - - $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10.00 "
Thirteen " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 15.00 "
Twenty " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 20.00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. C. A. B. Respectfully declined.

A CORRESPONDENT wants information in regard to the time of sowing and general culture of the Osage orange. Won't some one of our friends speak from experience to this effect?

KATE KARL. Respectfully declined.

X. Y. Z. Respectfully declined.

THE UNION.

SHALL IT BE PRESERVED?

During the last five or six years, this paper has been the object of frequent attack by a portion of the press of the slaveholding States. They have sought to misrepresent our opinions and to injure our business—and have pursued this wretched policy not only in our case, but in that of almost every Philadelphia paper. Their purpose, of course, has been a mixed one, being both pecuniary and political. They argue that if such papers as the Post can be driven out of the field, there will be more room for themselves. They argue further, that if the liberal and progressive sentiments of such papers can be swept aside—and only perverted statements of facts, and false and sophistical views and reasonings kept before the popular mind—a hatred of the South towards the North can be more easily engendered, and a secession of the slaveholding States from the Union thus be greatly facilitated.

We have borne these attacks and misrepresentations, as our Southern readers are aware, till perhaps there is no longer any virtue in such forbearance. But we do not know that we should touch the subject at this time—on the ground that it is a matter of very little importance what such prejudiced and interested papers think of the Post—were it not that we wish to reason calmly with our Southern readers upon the dangerous extremes to which these secession presses are striving with all their might and main either to lure or drive the people of the South.

We wish it however at the outset to be distinctly understood, that what we have to say is levelled only at the Secession, Disunion press of the South. From many, probably from a majority of the Southern press, we have always received such brotherly courtesy as we had a right to demand. These have been above that little and contemptible pecuniary meanness, which leads its victim to seek to injure by calumny those it cannot rival. Our thanks are due to these for many favors, and are freely given.

But our object is to expose, to the South itself, the mingled madness and folly of the Secession assailants of the Northern press. Those who are now striving to establish under the broad and gleaming folds of the starry standard of Freedom, a censorship of the press as galling and tyrannical as prevails either in Italy or Austria or Russia. That free-born Americans may be dictated to what they shall read, and what they shall speak!

But it is not to this point, particularly, that we wish to call attention at the present time. True it is outrageous, that American editors can be found to advocate the monstrous doctrine of a censorship of the press—and the practical application of that doctrine either by mobs or the law—the last being the worst, as tyranny enacted coolly and deliberately into law is even more horrible than the transient tyranny of a few excited men—but there is something worse than all this, worse in its terrible consequences, if not in the principle itself.

We allude to those Disunion doctrines now openly avowed and advocated by the Secession press in the slaveholding States! These Secession editors evidently are striving with all their might to reconcile the Southern mind to the idea of practical Disunion. They are doing all in their power to stir up bitter feelings against the Free States as Free States. Not content with warring against a particular party, they are warring against the structure of Free Society itself. Do our Southern readers ask for the proof of this?—let them read the following. The *Muscogee (Ala.) Herald* says:

"Free Society! we sicken at the name. What is it but a conglomeration of GREASY MECHANICS, FILTHY OPERATIVES, SMALL FISTED FARMERS, and moon-struck THEORISTS! All the Northern, and especially New England States are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with is that of *mechanics struggling to be genteel, and small farmers who do their own drudgery; and yet who are hardly fit for association with a Southern gentleman's body servant. This is your free society which the Northern hordes are endeavoring to extend into Kansas.*"

The Virginia *South Side Democrat*—a Democrat, indeed!—says:—

"We have got to hating everything with the prefix FREE, from free negroes down, and up the whole catalogue—FREE farms, FREE labor, FREE SOCIETY, FREE will, FREE thinking, FREE children, and FREE schools, all belong to the same brood of *damnable* isms. But the worst of all these abominations, is the modern system of FREE SCHOOLS. The New England system of free schools has been the cause and prolific source of the infidelities and treason that have turned her cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs, and her land into the common resting-place of howling Bedlamites. *We abominate the system because the* SCHOOLS ARE FREE."

The *Richmond Enquirer*—in reply to a recent article of the *North American* of this city, says:—

"*We would not have your rich, vulgar, licentious bosses, and your brutal, ignorant, and insubordinate factory hands* in our midst, for all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.' We are as rich as we care to be. We are contented, virtuous, moral, religious, and conservative. We would not exchange our situation for the vulgar sensuality and brutality of the 'nouveaux riches,' the coarse parvenues, the millionaire cotton factors and grocers of the North or of England, much less for the *countless millions of paupers and criminals*, who lift up and sustain the *cowardly, selfish, sensual, licentious, infidel, agrarian and revolutionary edifice of free society.* The laboring poor (at the North) are the *habitues* of poor-houses, jails, and penitentiaries."

The *Richmond Examiner (Va.)* says:

"Repeatedly have we asked the North, 'has not the experiment of universal liberty FAILED? Are not the evils of FREE SOCIETY INSUFFERABLE? and do not most thinking men propose to *subvert* and reconstruct it?' Still no answer. The gloomy silence is another conclusive evidence we have furnished, that *free society in the long run* is an impractical form of society; it is everywhere starving, *demoralized*, and *insurrectionary*. We repeat, then, that policy and humanity alike *forbid the extension of the evils of free society* to new people and coming generations. Two opposite and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilized men, co-exist and endure. The one must give way and cease to exist—the other become universal. *If free society* be unnatural, immoral, unchristian, it must fall, and give way to a *slave society—a social system old as the world, universal as man.*"

Now, what is the effect of such articles as the above? They are published through the length and breadth of the North, as representing the sentiments of the Southern *people*. Are they the sentiments of the great majority of the people of the slaveholding States? This is a most important question.

In connection with repeated attacks like the above on Free Society—attacks which we cannot but believe every sensible Southern man who has travelled at the North, knows to be untrue, the mere distorted chimeras of a diseased imagination—we have multitudinous threats from these same presses, that in a certain conjunction they intend to lead the Slaveholding States to secede from the Union.

Now, what is this Secession that they talk about thus glibly? Do they themselves think that it is a matter which could be as peaceably accomplished as the withdrawal of a partner from a commercial firm? No, they are not quite so blind as that,—they know better. Hear another of these presses, the *Richmond Dispatch*:—

We count upon it as an absolute certainty that in the event of an attempt to dissolve the Union by the Southern States, no matter how just and reasonable the cause, the whole physical force of the North will be used to compel the South to remain. If the North will not fight for honor, (which we do not mean to assert) it will most assuredly fight for money, and will never relinquish its hold on the fountain from which flows its gigantic wealth, *without the bloodiest and most desperate struggle that ever took place on this continent.* On this too South must calculate, and, forewarned, should be in readiness for any development that the future may have in store.

And so this is the entertainment to which the Southern people are invited, *"the bloodiest and most desperate struggle that ever took place on this continent."* And, while casting to the winds the idle nonsense about the North's making its money out of the South, and fighting for "the fountain of its gigantic wealth,"—for the South never pays a dollar, without receiving a dollar's worth in return—it is evident that there are sufficient causes, in case of an attempt at secession, for a very bloody warfare. The disputes that would arise along the border relative to fugitives,—the disputed right of the navigation of the Mississippi, and other rivers which flow from free through slave states—the very feeling of mutual exasperation between the two sections—and, more than all, the great question of the Territories, to whom they belong—would inevitably produce a conflict.

Now, the question for all conservative Southern men to consider, is this:—Are they willing to support these rash, inconsiderate men, these "Fire-eaters," in striving to bring about what they call "the bloodiest and most desperate struggle that ever took place on this continent?" And if they are not willing—as we hope and believe—let them beware how they commit the reins of popular influence to the hands of those who are solemnly pledged, in a certain contingency, to drive the car of state to perdition!

We are pleased to see that this view of the matter has of late been commending itself to the most solemn consideration of the conservative men of the Slaveholding States. We see indications that they begin to feel that in times like the present, mere Braggadocios and Hotspurs must not be allowed to take the lead. To the Baltimore press especially praise is due, for first stemming the Secession tide. Says the *Baltimore Patriot*:—

"When a journal like the *Richmond Enquirer* assumes to itself the right to speak authoritively for the whole South, *it becomes the duty of such Southern members of the Confederacy as repudiate all idea of disunion to declare their fealty to the articles of the confederation in language which cannot be mistaken.* So far as respects the integrity of the Federal bonds, it matters not who is elected President—*Maryland will stand by the Union.* She has her preferences, and will indicate them by her vote; but, if the statesman whom she regards most worthy of being chosen Chief Magistrate, should be supplanted by a more popular candidate, she will imitate the example of that fine old English Admiral, Blake, who had no love for the protectorate of Cromwell, yet felt it to be his duty to serve his country no matter who held the reins of Government.

"*Maryland will stand firmly by the Union.* Not that her citizens are insensible to the perils by which it is encompassed, but because as a member of the confederacy, whatever power she possesses may still be exerted to promote the ends of good government, and re-establish peace and fraternal concord; and because also, when once the South separates from the North, the process of disintegration will have commenced, and will continue until each State—for some real or imaginary offence—sets up a Republic of its own, with its petty fortalices—its insignificant navy, its corporal's guard of an army, and with all those gnawing jealousies which are the consequences of rivalry among petty sovereignties.

"Moreover, separation involves the abandonment of Nationality—a rending asunder of that glorious flag which now commands respect on every sea, and is a signal of protection to a commerce which girdles the world with wealthy argosies. What nation which now stands in awe of the United States would care to do homage to any of the petty Republics of a once glorious confederacy?

"It is not folly, but sheer midsummer madness to talk of separating from a confederacy, which in union is all powerful, but divided into distinct governments, would become the scorn and contempt of the whole civilized world. Mark further what follows. The Government of the United States, during the pressure of the Mexican war, required a loan. It was taken at once and at a high premium. Recently, the State of Virginia, by merely threatening disunion, found her bonds unsaleable in foreign markets, and if she was capable of carrying out her threat, they would not command purchasers at any price.

"But *the Enquirer*, while hurling its denunciations against all who differ from it in opinion, *quite certain that it speaks the sentiment of Virginia!* There is a hardy transmontane population within the limits of that State which, notwithstanding the fierce pugnacity displayed by our cotemporary, can never be roused to join its rebellious cry. Still less could it be brought to carry out in practice, the treason which *The Enquirer* preaches. If any secession at all takes place, it will be the secession of Western Virginia from the sea-board counties—but not from the Union.

"Carolina fire eaters have pointed out in magniloquent sentences, the admirable capabilities of the South for carrying on a defensive war. They have shown how batteries placed in this pass and rifles bristling on that hill side, could work destruction on an advancing foe. Col. Brooks, has, moreover, advised, in the event of Fremont's election, that a gallant army of Southerners, equipped with bowie knife and revolver, shall march in grim procession to Washington, and there seize upon the Government archives and treasury. Our impulsive neighbor of the *Enquirer* straightway blows a bugle-blast, and raises the war cry of the old Covenanters, "To your tents, O Israel!" But neither the defensive capacity of the Southern States, nor the tempting suggestions of Col. Brooks, nor yet 'the windy suspirations of forced breath' of *The Richmond Enquirer*, can stimulate a patriotic people, proud of their national renown, glorying in their national prosperity, reverencing their national destiny, and scramble to the power which their nationality insures, to sally forth on so Quixotic an expedition, or even to attempt to crush out the memory of the past, or the hope of the future, by an act which would entail on their posterity a bitterer destiny than that which befel the children of Adam under the weight of the primeval curse. * * * * * *

"Conceding for the sake of argument, that the South is largely Democratic, we would respectfully ask, how then is it possible for the South to refuse implicit obedience to the rule of any President legally elected, when we know that it is a cardinal principle with the Democracy that 'the majority shall govern.' If that majority is found at the North during the coming election, will the leaders of the South repudiate their Democratic principles, and forthwith rise in rebellion? Will Col. Brooks marshal his cohorts for the assault upon the Capitol? Will *The Richmond Enquirer* sound the charge? and above all, will the popular heart of the South respond? Virginia dare not, for her western counties hold those of the east in check. Maryland will not, for disloyalty is a word not to be found in her political vocabulary. As a border Slave State, Maryland has suffered more largely from the aggressions of Abolitionists than any of her Southern sisters, *but these grievances, serious as they are, would be aggravated tenfold by a dissolution of the Union.* The respect which a large majority of the people of the North now have for the compromises incorporated into the Federal compact, restrain them at this time from countenancing any active interference with that species of property in the United States, the sure possession of which is guaranteed by the Fugitive Slave Law, and reaffirmed still more strongly by the Compromise of 1850; but let the Constitution be once abrogated, and who shall say to what lengths many of these men would go, who now consider themselves bound by the obligations it imposes!"

We commend the tone of the *Patriot's* article to the attention of all of our readers in the Slaveholding States. And we believe the Patriot fully represents the sentiments of the State to which it belongs, when it says that "Maryland will stand firmly by the Union!"

To show the probability of the *Patriot's* assertion, that in case of a secession, every seceding state would set up a Republic of its own, we quote the following from a Texas paper, the *San Antonio Herald*:—

"Will it not be well for Texas to consider what it is best for her to do in case the Union is dissolved. One thing is certain, a Southern Confederacy will be *a difficult and expensive operation.* If Texas becomes a part of this confederacy, will she not have to bear a heavy portion of the burthen of its support, *with out receiving much, if any, of the advantages that accrue therefrom.* To sustain the rights and maintain the honor of a Southern Republic, with only geographical lines dividing it from a Northern confederacy, opposed to its peculiar institutions, will require men and money. *Texas will have to furnish her quota of each. This, with the expense of defending her extensive frontier, will soon exhaust her available resources, and burden her citizens with a system of onerous taxation.* Taking this view of the subject, the question arises, whether, in case of a dissolution of the Union, it would not be advisable for Texas to set up for herself, independent of the other States. She did achieve her independence and sustain herself, through the most trying emergencies, and under the most adverse circumstances, as an independent Republic, and can certainly do so again. And the greatest error she committed, was in annexing herself to the Union. She did this, no doubt, believing it would be mutually beneficial to both parties. Should the Union be dissolved, Texas is no longer bound by her obligations to the Federal Government, but is free to assume her independent character as one of the nations of the earth, or unite with a confederacy of the Southern States. Texas is the only State in the Union that occupies this proud position. Her soil was not purchased by money drawn from the Treasury of the Union. The other States have no claim upon her, further than those imposed by the terms of annexation, which would be cancelled by dissolution. She has an extent of territory, with a climate and soil capable of producing every product grown in any part of the Union. Her undeveloped resources, natural advantages, and mineral wealth are unequalled. She has a large public domain yet unappropriated, and should this become exhausted, there is plenty more to the West, which may be had on easy terms. We have everything necessary to make the wealthiest, most prosperous and most populous State in the Union, and that too, independent of all others. There are thousands who regret that Texas was ever annexed to the Union, and there are thousands more who sincerely wish that she could peaceably and honorably secede. Should a dissolution of the Union take place, we verily believe these thousands will be swelled to tens of thousands *in favor of Texas getting rid of all entangling alliances, and setting up an independent government. In case of a dissolution of the Union, there is no question but that Texas would lose more than she would gain by uniting with a Southern Confederacy.*"

See, there it goes—Texas already talks of being a separate, independent state, not burdened by the expense of a Southern Confederacy. And here would be the great difference between whatever states should secede from this Union, and those which should remain: The first would be in a divided state, and might never be able to unite upon articles of confederation satisfactory to the whole; but their opponents would still remain united under the old bond of the Constitution—they would have the prestige of the old government, the legal right, the army and the navy, and be in a condition to wage immediate war. Even our great statesmen have been in the habit of talking about dissolution, as if the bond of union would be completely broken up. They had not reflected that the *majority* would never be a party to the dissolution. That, as a practical question, Disunion must always be the Secession of the *minority.* And that the majority, which remained in the Union, would be even more firmly cemented together than they were before—possessing the prestige, the name, the flag, the army and navy, and numerous other advantages of a similar character.

But, to return to this Maryland checkmate to the Secessionists—which has since found a warm echo in Virginia. What could show the insane madness of the Secessionists more than the turning of their fury upon Baltimore, for her offence in thus adhering to the Union. Says the *Savannah Georgian*:—

The establishment of a line of steamers between Savannah and Baltimore, with a view of throwing into the latter a portion of the trade and travel which Georgia annually sends to the *hireling cities of the North*, has been a favorite theme with this paper. It has been our desire to see one great Southern city. And Baltimore, on several accounts, seemed to offer a better promise of achieving that position, than any other. Hence we have long advocated a closer connection in business between this port and that, and have argued that our trade, as far as possible, should be centred there, rather than at Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Late indications lead us to doubt whether there is much grounds for Southern preference between the four cities. Black Republicanism has manifestly got a foothold in Baltimore. Winter Davis, her Representative, voted in Congress with the Fremonters, for the Army Appropriation Bill, with its abolition proviso, and the Baltimore Know Nothing Councils have approved his vote. Some patriotic citizens, who attempted to save Baltimore from the disgrace of a Black Republican organization, by dispersing a meeting of the traitors, have been strongly denounced by the press of that city. With these indications of treachery to the cause of the South multiplying in our midst, *Baltimore forfeits most of her claims to Southern sympathy and preference.*

In a similar strain holds forth the *South Carolina Times*:—

We regard Pennsylvanians as occupying precisely the same position as those of Massachusetts—they are not a whit better, *and we would regard it as a blessing,* if the Union is ever dissolved, *to get rid of such an association. They are not homogeneous with the people of the South.* Their standard of morality, Christianity, patriotism and respect for law and order and right, is subject to the influence of the "almighty dollar." But as regards Maryland, what shall we say of her? Can any confidence or reliance be placed in the people of a State who are half-abolitionized, and whose journalists preach submission to every species of wrong and indignity?

We have little confidence in Maryland and Pennsylvania—they are ready to go on either side which will afford them the strongest assurances of trade and profit.

As regards finding a corporal's guard to go to Washington to protect the rights of the South in public offices, Mr. Brooks, should he find it necessary to call for men, can marshal a battalion in Richland, to say nothing of his own Congressional District, and the State at large.

But Baltimore is not so easily scared. She remembers Fort McHenry—and the *Clipper* says:—

Two-thirds of the voters of the Southern States will prove to be true Union men whenever the test shall come, and these two-thirds constitute their men of wealth and standing. Baltimore city can thrive and grow rich on the patronage of the Fillmore men of the South, or on one-half, or even one-fourth of them, and can therefore laugh to scorn the threatened proscription of the Richmond Enquirer. It would be a thousand times better for us to be proscribed by all the Southern disunionists, than for our city to encounter the calamity of a dissolution of this glorious confederacy, which the Richmond Enquirer and some other Southern journals like it are so anxious to bring about.

While the *Baltimore American* says, referring to a recent speech of Mr. Keitt's:—

This gentleman is one of those whom the Charleston Mercury lately asserted "was steeped to the lips in disunion," and his speech certainly justifies the remark. Sophomorical in eloquence, inconsequential in argument, and profuse in denunciation, it is a sad picture of sectional passion usurping the offices of statesmanship, and with the rash hands of violence arousing a storm which it will take wiser heads and more able efforts to allay. Such speeches do nothing for Southern rights or Southern peace, but they are powerful aids to Northern fanaticism. The conservative Southern mind turns from them in disgust, and the most influential of its journals refuses to repeat them, but throughout the North they are echoed and re-echoed, until the whole South is held accountable for their absurdity, and denounced for their violence.

If the South wishes to resist the North with any show of success, it must be by earnest fidelity to the Constitution and the Union. *She never can be made to suffer, whilst in the Union, a tithe of the irremediable consequences that would follow her separation from it.* The attempt to put the contest upon any other basis, weakens and distracts her friends. There are thousands, we believe a vast majority in most, if not all, of the Southern States, who will not follow the party that looks to disunion as the remedy for the evils complained of; still less will they consent to make the occurrences of any particular contingency, without waiting to see its results, the signal for a separation.

Thus goes the war—the conservative men of the South, who do not wish to engage in "the bloodiest and most desperate struggle that ever took place on this continent"—especially when nothing is to be gained by it, but everything put in peril—are beginning to rally around the banner of the Union. Even if nothing comes of the threats of the secession press—and probably very many of them mean nothing very serious—still it is a dangerous way of talking, and threats unfulfilled put a people in a false and undignified position. We may be mistaken, but it is our decided opinion, that the words of the *Baltimore Clipper* will prove to be strictly true—that two-thirds of the voters in the South are in favor of the Union. And we think that any party that plants itself boldly upon that broad ground, will speedily rally to itself much the largest portion of the great conservative interests of society. Men of sense and of substance—who have families to protect, and property to be taxed or lost—do not relish particularly the idea of plunging into an uncertain civil war. And when the Don Quixotes and Hotspurs begin to shape the course of things in that direction, they may waken up some fine morning, and find all their glory and influence departed. We advise the secession press and its editors to lay this to heart. In return for much bad abuse, we give them freely this good counsel. If they take it, and begin to write and act like sensible men, it may continue to be well with them—but if they do not take it, the day is not far distant when they shall, in the sight of the whole nation, be compelled to swallow their own silly and high-sounding words—a punishment than which their worst enemies could not wish them one more cruel and insufferable.

THE INDIANS.

In our last week's issue of the "Post," appeared a letter from a Western correspondent which gives the writer's impressions of the Indians. It is a branding judgment, and is, in a certain sense, just. He finds the red men dissolute, depraved, ridden by low appetites and passions, practising mean vices, and altogether disgustful to the view; and he remembers satirically, in opposition to the spectacle, the lofty melo-dramatic and heroic pictures of them held up by the romancers and play-wrights, and popularly accepted and admired. No doubt our writer's estimate of the gentlemen who ignore trowsers and ornament themselves with ochre and bistre, is accurate, though, as we think, superficially so; but at the same time the Indians of Mr. Cooper's romances have also, as we think, an accuracy quite as respectable, and not so chargeable with superficiality. Both pictures, it may be, illustrate the falsehood of extremes. It seems to us that men are seldom as good or as bad as they are commonly represented. We are apt to use too black charcoal in our sketches of the villains, and too bright gold in our sketches of the heroes. The best of men have their vices, the worst their virtues. As with men, so with races. There is also a certain injustice in generalizations. They make no account of the saving exceptions. Our mockery of the Chinese forgets Confucius, a proof of what that Mongol blood is possible. Our standing jeer at the "weaker races" omits to remember that our Anglo-Saxon supremacy was not in its beginnings supreme. Manifest Destiny lifting its audacious front a thousand years ago in Rome and Normandy, thought our ancestors fit for nothing but blotting out, and down came the heavy hand on Cassibelaunus and Boadicea, on Harold and "Garth, the son of Beowolf." Yet from that savage stock of Britain, and from those Saxon churls, and from other of the "weaker races," (not weak enough after all to be utterly trodden out,) which were regarded in that epoch just as the Jew, the Indian, the Mexican are regarded now, sprang the overmastering pluck and energy which laid the broad foundations and reared the lofty fortress of English civilization—which drove the Mayflower through the wintry brine to Plymouth, and, in scarce two hundred years, changed, as if by magic, the wilderness into a garden, and, over an enormous breadth of colossal towns and farms uprisen from the vacant ground, flung the far-streaming folds of the American flag, as the emblem of dominion, from the eastern to the western sea. If Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror could but look now on the results of the people they tried to exterminate! These are God's revenges. Yet, untaught by history, we are now playing over again the same unjust game which the Roman and the Norman played on our ancestors. We look at the Indian, and set him far down among the weeds and worms; something to be grubbed up and trampled out in the broad, advancing path of Christian civilization; but we are blind—blind as the Roman to Cassibelaunus, as the Norman to Harold—to the line of Indian nobles that stand majestic in history, and shame the grubbers and tramplers, and accuse the civilization and the Christianity that move the groaning glory of Our Manifest Destiny over the crushed bodies and souls of men. For, let what will be said, Canonicus was a sachem, worthy of the name, and Miantonomah a king. Metamora's grandeur of manhood has never received more than half justice. Red Jacket and Logan and Osceola bring into discredit the smug, pipe-legged, tallow-complexioned, mean-souled phantoms of civic respectability that strut and swagger along our pavements. The Indian treaty with William Penn—the bitter, burning eye of Voltaire saw it shining, bright as a lonely star, in the broad, black record of Christian dishonor, and the withering sarcasm of that voice was touched with gentleness as it spoke of "the only treaty that was ever ratified without an oath, and the only one that was never broken." But if to keep the plighted word attests the virtue of the Quaker and makes his name reverend and honorable, so also does it to the virtue and the name of the savage who likewise kept his word. If the scathing fire of condemnation is to be rained down on the principle that the red men are totally reprobate, we venture to affirm we can show cause for the sparing of this Indian Sodom by finding in it, and without much difficulty, at least ten righteous men, and leave the Black Hawks and the Tecumsehs entirely out of the category! And, our efforts failing, if any man points to the sensual, thieving, whiskey-drinking, filthy, abominable savage of the Western plains, and asks—What use is he?—and why isn't our extermination of him a good riddance of bad rubbish!—we simply reply—Dear sir, will you please to inquire what manner of man was your possible progenitor of a thousand years ago? Because it's highly probable that he was a rude boor, crunching acorns in the Hercynian forests with the hogs he tended, or else some filthy Saxon churl, living a brutal life in the dirt and squalor of an English hovel, and not a whit superior to this objectionable Indian animal! Please to recollect that your logic of extermination, brought into practice on him, would, to use a Hibernicism, have left you without an ancestor. Nor would our reply be void of reason. We remember to have heard one of our most distinguished artists laughingly say that, after he rose to celebrity, he argued that his ancestral antecedents must be remarkable to have ultimated in him; and so he set out to trace his pedigree. He got back as far as a rascal who was very deservedly put in the pillory, with his ears cropped, and then paused, thinking it not safe to inquire farther! Moral: respect the tap-root for its promise of the tree!

Ah! these eyes of ours are rather untrust worthy fellows. They don't see deeply or far; they don't perceive in the Digger Indian the demigod that may be when a thousand years have rolled by. There is a truth of appearance; eyes are tolerably good at seeing it. There is a truth of essence; John Milton could see it clearly when stone-blind. 'Tis not a bad fable of the Daemon's visit to the philosopher: he comes with two orbs of smooth flesh in place of the usual visual organs. "My dear sir," asks Bon-Bon, "how can you see Truth when you have no eyes?" "Pshaw!" retorts the Daemon, "eyes, indeed! I see with my soul!" A wise hint, truly. His spirit needs to be more than commonly sagacious and penetrant, that is not befooled by the evidence of his senses. After all, our eyes are helps to truth, and not revelators. Wordsworth tells us of the man of superficial observation:—

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But to the great poet it was a link in the long, complex chain of Divine Providence—a thing he could not see without being stirred with the "thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears." Why, if the conclusions of our eyes are to be trusted, we shall have Manifest Destiny at work presently in the crushing-out process on the bodies and souls of a dense number of our Anglo-Saxon, white fellow-citizens, in all portions of the Union! Because, if you want to see the very dregs and scum of savagery—the apparent, brutal, hideous residuum of human kind—jon'd, we beg of you, tramp over the Rocky Mountains to disgust your senses with the degradation of your red brothers, the Crows and Shoshonies and Blackfeet, but come here to these very "old thirteen" States, whose deep foundations our forefathers laid with hope and prayer, where are sights, after seeing which you can bear your brothers, the Crows, as one bears otto of rose after bilge-water.

It is our fault that the Indians of the Territories are, as our correspondent represents them to be. We found them simply savages, with savage virtues and vices; we are leaving them brutes. The white man's influence upon them has invariably been degrading. Thieving, whiskey-drinking, and many other of their present bad habits, have been taught them in our school. We have never done by them in any of our dealings, as we ourselves would wish to be done by. What wonder that the red cloud of Indian war swept lately over Oregon, and will rise and sweep over that Territory again? Is our attitude, or aspect, toward the savage calculated to make him sweet-tempered? Can we charge him with ingratitude? Cheated, defrauded, driven out, corrupted, a social Pariah, not even permitted to catch the drops from our overflowing cup of Christian blessings—great reason he has to think of us kindly! We invite our readers to peruse the nineteenth chapter, and the note which follows, in Seaver's "Life of Mary Jemison," a notice of which appears in the book column of this week's "Post." They will there obtain some light on the manner in which these unfortunate people have been treated. Yet half the truth is not there told.

Alas! our Christianity is, practically, sheer Paganism. Coming only upon the records of our secular life, the reader of the future age will find nothing to distinguish us from the heathen Assyria, the pagan Rome, that trod out the lives of weaker nations, as we tread them out, in bloody mire. Is it to be thus forever? Shall the sun ever shine on a Time when the insanity of selfishness and inhumanity will burn no more in the world's life—when the Golden Rule will be the metwand of legislation and the guide of nations? Shall history ever record the story of an age in which the value of each man was pronounced to be beyond all estimate; his proper development, by happiest agencies, the loftiest aim of State policy; his welfare the sole end and aim of society and government? Happy epoch! when all men, looking upon the helpless infant, newly born to the struggles of earth, no matter of what race, no matter how much or how little gifted in body or in mind, shall say—"In you, baby, we see the ultimate angel—in you the bright creature of a far-off, after world, only to be gained by long pilgrimage through many a phase of secular existence, replete with conflict and endeavor, with agony and aspiration, with trial and discipline. Question above all other questions with us:—How can we best help you onward and upward, with least discouragement and retardation, to the fulfilment of your high destiny?"

CURIOUS DEVELOPMENTS.—The report of the Committee of Finance of the Philadelphia City Council, for the year 1855, reveals some curious proceedings on the part of the Prison Inspectors:—

The appropriation for this department was made at the beginning of the year 1855 for the entire year. Yet in July last, when the new Board of Prison Inspectors took their seats, they found the entire appropriation for the year had been expended in the first six months! This astounding fact induced the Committee to make inquiry to ascertain how this money had been expended. The result of their inquiry is published in a report which they made yesterday to the Council. They find that the expenses of the Inspectors' table alone, amount in one year to the sum of $6,538 93, and principally for cigars, tobacco, brandy, wines, ice creams, soft shell almonds, and omnibus tickets. The cigars are charged for at the rate of $30 and $40 per thousand, and $5,000 in one year, or 1,250 per week were consumed. This eating and drinking and smoking was not done always during the attendance upon prison duties. There is a celebrated eating house in Chestnut Street which the Inspectors seemed to delight to honor with their presence, and the bills which were run up at this establishment were a curiosity in their way, showing what truly epicurean tastes public office engenders. The omnibus hire amounted to the small sum of $1 064 for the 24 Prison Inspectors, and what is a little curious, the omnibuses used did not always lead in the direction to and from the prison. The brandy consumed, as the bill will show, was the best O. K. brand, and soft shell almonds, ice creams and other delicacies prove that the Inspectors knew how to appreciate the responsibilities of their position, and to sustain it with proper dignity.

The present Prison Inspectors were appointed by the different Courts, and are a very different class of men. They have abolished all these disgraceful drinkings and feastings. It is only proper to state also, that a minority of the old Inspectors resolutely opposed such unwarrantable doings.

A FINE PIECE OF WORKMANSHIP.—Mr. Wm. D. Rogers of this city, has lately finished a magnificent hearse made to order for a large undertaking firm in St. Louis.

The body of the hearse, which is painted black, is hung upon five springs. It is enclosed by ten panels of heavy French plate glass, highly ornamented in gold and silver, in the gothic style. The roof is supported by eight silver columns, the bases of which are richly wrought in gold, while the tops projecting above the roof represent eight golden vessels, from which issue silver flames. Gothic arches, worked in gold and silver, span the panels and extend round the roof, and below the panels are eight silver mouldings, studded with gold rosettes.

The whole is surmounted with gilt crosses, and eight splendid white ostrich plumes, the latter being three feet in height. The crosses and the plumes can be taken off at pleasure, and in the event of the use of the hearse at the funeral of adults, black plumes can be substituted for the white ones at present displayed. The rich white hammer cloth is also arranged so that black may be substituted as occasion may require. Elegantly wrought lamps are placed upon each side of the driver's seat.

It is a piece of workmanship which is said to surpass anything of the kind that has yet been attempted, and reflects credit on the skill of our Philadelphia mechanics.

The conflagration's glaring light
Makes blind my horse,
But through the very darkest night
He sees his course.
How much is he,
Oh, man, like thee!
The dazzling face of truth alarms thee,
While that thou knowest best most harms thee.

☞ A New York paper says, that a man the morning after he has been drunk with wine feels as though he had the rheumatism in every hair of his head.

New Publications.

SERMONS, DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A. Published and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Phila.

William Archer Butler, now dead, was a famous preacher of the Church of England, a Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Dublin University, a ripe and graceful scholar, and a good and faithful man. He was gifted with a bright and streaming eloquence, glittering with lovely images, and belongs to that immortal bead roll of British divines, gemmed with such names as Taylor, South, Blair, Tillotson, Barrow, and Atterbury. All persons, of whatever creed, will find delight in the beautiful and wonderful rhetoric of these sermons. Their scope and ideal seem to us, relatively speaking, narrow and low; but their genius and beauty are unquestionable, and they glow and flash with enthusiasm and fervor.—Mr. Butler was an Irishman by birth and nature—a sufficient guarantee of his poetry and eloquence; but he lacked the strong Saxon grasp of mind—the hard, clear, indomitable English common-sense—the quality of intellect which never substitutes rhetoric for fact or argument, but uses it simply for ornamentation; which employs austere and colorless language, to express truths and opinions, and appeals sternly and strongly to the understanding before it excites the imagination. Yet it would be unfair to ignore the fact that such intellects as Mr. Butler's have their own proper and peculiar audience, and are adapted to persuade and convince minds which other intellects would vainly attempt to reach. The mere literary grace and skill of these sermons deserve a frank and full acknowledgment, and a garland of praise.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The great Micawber interrogates in gold on the backs of these two handsome volumes, and shows his smiling face quite often among the eight and thirty neat and graphic illustrations from the pencil of H. K. Browne which adorn their pages. The present work continues Mr. Peterson's cheap and elegant edition of Dickens, of which we have fully spoken on former occasions. No book of Dickens' has a finer range of incident and character than this. Indeed, taking it as a whole, we consider it his best work. There is a subdued and mellow coloring to it which none of his other writings possess, and which is in perfect harmony with the softened humor and tender pathos of the story. Its autobiographical form, too, necessitated the author to a partial modification of his traits of style, and the tale has consequently gained in verisemblance. In fact, we think few books have more the air of a genuine confidential narrative than David Copperfield.

RELIGION IN AMERICA. By ROBERT BAIRD. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A complete account of the origin, relation to the State, and present condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States, with notices of the unevangelical denominations. Dr. Baird, the author, is well known as a leading minister of the Presbyterian Church. The work may be considered standard, and ought to be in every library as a book of reference. It is, historically considered, accurate and full. It classes among the unevangelical churches, the Catholics, Unitarians, Universalists, and Swedenborgians—how wisely or charitably it is not our intention to decide. Leaving this topic, and all others on which there might be a difference of opinion, let us remark that the work bears evidences of having been prepared with great and conscientious industry and care, and seems to us, on all simply historical points, to be entirely reliable and praiseworthy.

LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND. With extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By CHARLES K. MCHARG. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

This memoir of Talleyrand is profoundly interesting. It is written with grace and skill, and sparkles with anecdote. It is all the more welcome that biographies of the Prince of Diplomatists are so meagre and few. His own "Memoirs," by the terms of his will, are not to be printed till 1868, and, singularly enough, when we consider how prominent and important a part he played in the great drama of European affairs, there has been no attempt made even in France to sketch the details of his career with anything like fullness. The present narrative seems to be authentic, and, as we have said, is very interesting.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Letters to Ernst Moritz Arndt on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the Present State of the World. By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

The Chevalier Bunsen is well known to the scholars of this country, as one of the ablest and foremost champions of religious liberty in Germany, and the present work contains his latest views on the dangers that threaten it. Though local in its applications, the book treats of principles which are interesting to the entire Christian world. It is a work of great power and eloquence, and contains chapters which deserve to be read and pondered by every int

Life of Mary Jemison. By James E. Seaver. Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A biography of great interest. Its subject was taken captive at the age of thirteen, by the Indians, trained in the wilderness to the ordinary duties of the Indian female, and gradually transformed essentially into one of their number. Subsequently she became the wife of an Indian, and the mother of Indian children. She died at the age of ninety-one. The book is worth pondering. It shows what mere external influences can effect. Many a stubborn dispute about the inferiority of races might be speedily settled by considering how much social circumstances have to do with the shaping of character.

Confessions of a School Master. By W. A. Alcott, M. D. H. A. Lents. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

In this book a school master tells his experience. It is interesting and instructive. The author is widely known as a popular lecturer on physiology, and in this book he shows the same qualities which distinguish his lectures, perspicuity both of idea and language, practical aims, and clear common sense. It abounds with useful suggestions, and deserves a wide sale.

The Life of Robert Fulton. By J. Franklin Reigart. Published and for sale by C. G. Henderson, Philadelphia.

A full record of the life and career of the great inventor, handsomely illustrated with lithographs of the various steamboats of Fulton, and with numerous aquatint and colored engravings. It is printed in unusually large type, on fine paper, and makes a nice looking book, which every one may read with interest and pleasure.

T. B. Peterson has Putnam's Magazine for October. It contains many fine articles, among them one on The Ping Wang, the Chinese revolutionist, who is now creating such a pother in the Flowery Land. A paper discussing the definition of poetry is scholarly, and has ability; but says as many ridiculous things on the general subject, and makes as ridiculous estimates of the poets of the day, their worth and genius, as can be found anywhere outside of Sir Archibald Alison.

"Household Words" and "The Schoolfellow," for October, may also be found at Mr. Peterson's.

☞ What You Never Saw.—A hackman with an umbrella—a German fiddler without long hair—or a wine merchant who drank his own wine.

☞ New Complaint.—"Have you got the catechism, Jenny?" said a female visitor to a little yellow haired girl. "Mamma," exclaimed little Willie, "did I ever have the catechism?" He thought it was a new complaint; but it is an old one, especially with children.

☞ A Frenchman having a weakness in his chest, told the physician he felt a pain in his portmanteau.

☞ An Irish gentleman, being asked some time since, what brought him to London, he answered, that he came to *see the invisible girl.*

☞ Those that wish for what they have not, forfeit the enjoyment of what they have. Set a just term to your wishes, and when you have touched it, make a stand; happiness only begins when wishes end, and he that hankers after more enjoys nothing.

☞ Virtue.—True virtue is like precious odors—sweeter the more incensed and crushed.—*Bacon.*

☞ There are three sorts of nobility—divine, worldly, and moral; the divine depends upon the power of God, the worldly upon the greatness of our birth, the moral upon the liberty of our mind.

☞ In a recent sketch of an old pensioner's death and career, it is said that he was the man (a Highlander in Pictou's brigade) who, when a little Frenchman at Waterloo, cried "Quartre, quartre," answered, "Quarter ye? She has no time to do tat, nae ye maun e'en be contented to be cutted in twa." This is of a piece with the story of a Frenchman who was hanged at Tyburn, exclaiming, "Misericorde! ah, miser-i-corde!" "Measure the cord?" said the indignant hangman, "measure it *yourself.*"

☞ A garrulous barber, happening to be called to shave the philosopher Archelaus, asked him—"How shall I shave you, sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

Who combats bravely is not, therefore, brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave;
Who reasons wisely, is not, therefore, wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

☞ I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider an art, the former as a habit of mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent.—*Addison.*

☞ Pride.—Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.—*Colton.*

☞ Grumbling.—Punch says—"It is a bad plan not to grumble—the wheel isn't oiled till it creaks."

☞ Old age is never honored among us, but only indulged, as childhood is; and old men lose one of the most precious rights of man—that of being judged by their peers.—*Goethe.*

☞ The proprietor of an engineering establishment, in advertising the disposal of his property, a few days ago, announced that his premises contained "a large stock of patent machinery, nearly completed, which, *if carried out*, would be of the greatest advantage to the in-coming tenant." Candid, this, certainly.

☞ Is not every face beautiful in our eyes, which habitually turns towards us with affectionate, guileless smiles?

☞ "I swear," said a gentleman to his mistress, "you are very handsome." "Pooh!" said the lady, "so you would say, if you did not think so." "And so you would think," answered he, "though I should not say so."

☞ Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

☞ The World's Judgment.—The harsh, hard world, neither sees, nor tries to see mens' hearts; but wherever there is the opportunity of evil, supposes that evil exists.—*G. P. R. James.*

Oh! the wild, wild days of youth!
My royal youth;
My blood was then my king;
Maybe a little mad,
But full of truth!

Oh! my lips were like a rose!
And my heart too;
It was torn not leaf by leaf;
Ah! there he none that know
How the leaves few!

Oh! they dropped in the wine!
The royal wine;
There were showers for the girls,
Crowns for their white brows,
And for mine! —*Mrs. R. H. Stoddard.*

☞ The Durham University has just had built an eight-oar boat, which is so exactly poised that the rowers are obliged to part their hair down the middle to keep their balance.

Almost Incredible—Escape at Niagara Falls.—A communication was left in our counting room this morning, from an unknown source, giving an account of a thrilling incident at Niagara Falls on Sunday. It represents that about 5 o'clock, P. M., a number of persons were on Luna Island, and among them a couple of little boys at play. One of them fell into the river, only thirty or forty feet above the Falls.

His screams drew the attention of others near by, among whom was a person named P. P. Jackson, who was only fifteen feet above the Falls. He at once jumped into the water, and maintained his footing until the boy came down against him, when he seized the lad and threw him on shore. The boy began to cry, and ran off, so that his name was not ascertained. It was all Jackson could do to get on shore again, the water running very swift. The writer represents Jackson to be a bold, strong man, who has been noted for his daring feats around the Falls. He is in the employ of the N. Y. Central Railroad.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Attempted Censorship of the Press.—The grand jury of Shinnston, Virginia, recently found a true bill against the Postmaster of that village, for circulating and delivering to subscribers copies of the New York Tribune.

PARISIAN SCENES AND MANNERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

MOUNTEBANKS.

I have always felt for the race of mountebanks a tenderness and sympathy which are in very bad taste; the more humble and insignificant they are, the more I love them; the more ragged and famished, the more beautiful do they seem to me in their picturesque rags. Fie on the fat ones, who wear false collars, and who advertise in the papers, instead of sounding a trumpet on a platform before their tents! Long live the lean, pale, active ones, who exhibit in the open air, and deliver impassioned discourses, dislocating every limb, to earn four sous! As a child I drove to despair all who were interested in me, by obstinately following through the lanes of my native village every savage rope-dancer or Hercules who penetrated those remote regions. It even happened to me once to accompany, at a frenzied gallop, a runner by profession, who engaged to run the whole length of the town six times in ten minutes, and had invited amateurs to race with him. But no one presented himself to sustain the honors of the place; perhaps the inhabitants, very proud of the vast extent of their city, discerned an epigram in the challenge of the artist. However that might be, I was the only one who, among other competitors of my age and size, had the honor of persevering to the end of the race. The runner was armed with a whip to keep off the children, who circulated around him like motes in a sunbeam, and to clear the way without being compelled to stop. I received many a cutting blow, which filled me then with an immense and legitimate pride, and diminished nothing of my respect and admiration. I was then ten years old, reader.

At the same period of my life, I made prodigious efforts to win the friendship of the children of every travelling artist; and when, thanks to the favor which I had purchased by balls and apples, I had obtained the privilege of penetrating stealthily the immense carriage which served as lodgings to the company, I felt myself surrounded by a halo, like a rhetorician who has just gathered an eglantine at the Floral Games. So my godmother predicted that I should one day become a mountebank, or even a rope-dancer. Oh, godmother!

At present, when, like the poet, I have left a goodly number of my illusions on the thorns by the wayside, I have retained this, if it is indeed an illusion, and have still the same weakness for this valiant family, whom I still visit when I have time, and even sometimes when I have not.

The present day was a public fete, a day of rest for the body and mind; therefore, grave people, a class whom I esteem much, and whose decisions I receive with respect, will have no reason to reproach me. The sun was pouring through the streets that serene and radiant light of which it is so niggardly at Paris. The crowd, which, like nature, abhors a vacuum, was circulating and buzzing through the streets; the mountebanks of the public squares were all at their posts, with keen eyes, sonorous voices, commanding gestures, feeling that the moment was decisive, and that their receipts, that is to say, bread and subsistance for the day, the week, perhaps the entire month, depended upon their loquacity and their experiments. I recognized them all, the heroes of the Latin Quarter, of the Places de la Bastille, and the Chateau d'Eau, the quays and the thoroughfares; they had emigrated and accompanied the multitude from the Champ de Mars and the Champ Elysees. Clad in their newest jackets, in their most variegated, brilliant, unapproachable costumes, I saw the poor people forcing a smile on their pale countenances, uttering the new jokes which they had been studying six weeks for this occasion, surpassing themselves, and making Herculean efforts to fascinate the public, this great blase, which looks on smoking a cigar, yawns, smiles coldly at a bon mot, takes a pinch of snuff while admiring a leap which would have killed a wild cat, and go away at the moment the collection is taken.

The first I encountered, standing beside a little table, was an exhibitor of a learned hare, an unknown artist, who wore his rags with dignity, and whom I had already seen in every street and square on the left bank of the river. I am very much mistaken if this man had not formerly been a model, and sat in the studio for Belisarius. However this may be, the poor mountebank did not possess the art, the most valuable, but doubtless, also the most difficult, of collecting around him a numerous circle, and amusing the public.

The hare, for it was a hare, and not a rabbit, was philosophically seated on its hind-legs, and waiting patiently till its master had finished the splendid discourse which he was addressing to the crowd. When the latter came to the peroration, on a well-known air:—"Come, gentlemen, a little courage in your pockets!" the frock-coats which were listening at a distance, disappeared like the shades in an epic poem; but the nurses, old soldiers and children remained. He asked fifteen sous from the whole company, and for this moderate sum, promised marvels. By dint of appeals to the intelligence and justice of the public, he succeeded in obtaining two sous, and decided to commence, in order to encourage the persons who might have forgotten him.

"Attention!" cried he.

The hare started and stood up on his hind-legs, with ears extended and paws immoveable. He then made the poor animal execute various elementary tricks; beat the drum, with a precipitate roll, in his right arm; then presented to it his long beard, which the rabbit began gently to stroke with extreme rapidity, an operation which it terminated by delicately putting its lips to those of its master; after which, fatigued with so many intelligent efforts, it resumed its seat on the table, timid and trembling, and began licking its chops.

As for the master he had not been able to obtain the third sous. The honest man made his bow, announcing that the exhibition had terminated. I looked at him; he seemed in no wise disheartened by his slender receipts; habit had long ago inured him to this.

A few curious ragamuffins alone remained near the table; one of them was eating with a good appetite a savory slice of bread and butter; the showman saw it, and, with a patronising air, asked a mouthful of it for his hare. The boy, proud of such an honor, extended to him the bread; but he could not help following it with a look full of disappointment, as he saw it disappear entirely, bit by bit, in the throat of the famished hare.

"Does he eat rolls?" asked I of the proprietor.

"Oh! he eats anything," replied he with an air which seemed to say: "How could he live if he did not eat everything! Besides, he is a knowing hare."

I therefore bought a roll for a sous at a neighboring table; I crumbed it in my left hand with my right, I had the satisfaction of seeing the intelligent animal dispatch it to the last fragment, and continued my way delighted at having encountered so colossal an appetite in so small an animal.

I had turned aside a little to escape the noisy harmony of the orchestras in the open air. Before me I saw marching a very ugly young man, with a blue blouse, tricolored pantaloons hideously pieced, and an enormous nose, surmounted with huge-bowed spectacles. He held his cap in his hand, and repeated in an undertone, gesticulating furiously, words which I did not understand. I began to be uneasy, and was watching him with a corner of my eye, when suddenly I saw him rush to the corner of a street and throw his cap on the ground with violence. I dashed forward with a cry of terror, persuaded that the unfortunate man, in a fit of furious despair and madness, was about to throw himself under the wheels of a carriage; but I remained stupified on hearing him exclaim in a voice of thunder and with wild contortions:—"Bah! I may as well ruin myself to-day as to-morrow!" And, thus saying, he drew from his pocket little packets of paper, very neatly twisted, which he carefully deposited in his cap. Though singularly humbled at having been duped to this point by my philanthropy, I stopped, became a spectator once more, and mingled in the crowd which, at the first act, had formed itself into a circle.

"What is he going to do?" asked I of myself, this time really puzzled, and not feeling courage enough to depart after a *debut* so Homeric. Immediately as if to reply to my thoughts, he took delicately between his thumb and fore-finger one of the little packets, slowly, unfolded it, exhibited within it another little packet, which he also unfolded, and drew from it a genuine bijou, a tiny watch which sparkled in the sunshine, and whose admirable qualities he began to enumerate. He sold the watch with the chain for twenty centimes. A confederate hastened to buy with enthusiasm, and took care to give him a five-franc piece, the change for which the merchant counted out slowly, and with a loud voice. The public looked on without emotion; and a citizen borrowed the watch of the confederate, in order to point out its exquisite workmanship to his neighbor, saying to him, in that sonorous tone which announces contentment and health:

"It is astonishing how cheap work is done now-a-days! That is worth ten francs if it is worth a farthing."

"If it is worth a farthing!" replied the neighbor, nodding his head with an air of being convinced; and both went away, after having bowed politely to each other.

Meanwhile the vender continued his speech with incredible volubility: "Here, gentlemen," said he, "it is twenty sous! No, it is not twenty sous; who will have it for fifteen? fifteen—fifteen—twelve—twelve—" Here he suddenly interrupted himself, picked up his cap, and without taking time to fold up his parcels, broke through the circle which was awaiting the termination of his sentence. I comprehended the cause of this precipitate departure, when I saw the cap of a policeman appear at the other end of the street. It is known that these gentlemen have the deplorable habit of asking showmen for their licenses, and that they are quite insensible to the seductions of eloquence.

I infinitely regret the not having known Lavater. Perhaps he might have been able to inform me way all the venders of watches at five sous whom I have ever met with, and they have been many, are of revolting ugliness, and destitute of licenses. Are these the necessary consequences of their profession? But, on the other hand, they talk so well!

I heard one, the other day, discoursing enthusiastically on affairs in the East, in the presence of a fascinated fruit-woman and a merchant of penny pictures; he was explaining to them the *role* of France and the attitude of Austria.

I often meet a mountebank of another description, of insupportable assumption and conceit. He is a tall and thin young man, whose profession consists in dislocating his whole body, folding himself in three equal parts like a pocket-handkerchief, binding in two his dorsal spine, passing his legs over his head, joining his arms behind his back to bring them forward without separating the hands, interlaced the one in the other. This latter trick can be performed only by cracking his shoulder-blades in a terrible manner; also he takes care to turn back the collar of his shirt, and to place the hand of some benevolent spectator on one of his shoulders, that the violence of the dislocation to which his limb are subjected may be the more clearly seen by the movements which his shoulder imparts to this hand. Then what a conceited look! "There is not one in all France—not one in the entire universe, who can do as much!" exclaims he, with unheard-of gestures, and nodding his head with an air of self-sufficiency,—"I defy one man in the world to have his body broken like mine; it is not of bones, it is cloth, it is *papier mache*. I will give a hundred francs to him who can perform half of my experiments. If there are physicians in this assembly, let them visit me, and they will see that I am a genuine phenomenon, and that the Academy of Medicine has never had in hand a subject like myself." And he assures us, without a smile, that several great physicians have already visited him, and adds that he is at the disposal of their brethren who desire to imitate them, and gives his address, with the hour at which he is visible.

"Now, gentlemen," adds he, "I ask the whole company, and especially those who ought to know, what all this is worth in conscience? A man like myself, who should ask a hundred sous apiece, would always have his booth filled, and would soon make his fortune. I, gentlemen, rely upon the justice and the intelligence of the public. Give what you please, one sou, two sous, a liard, a centime, we shall refuse nothing, not even louis d'ors."

The young man with the dislocated limbs has an original manner of entering upon his subject, and of commanding breathless attention, without wasting his own energies uselessly, while the circle is not yet sufficiently large. He asks for two gamins, and twenty willingly present themselves; he chooses the two most stupid ones, puts them in a line before him, with heads upright and thumbs at their sides; then, under pretext of exercising them, he orders, with precipitation, complicated motions, which bewilder them, ridiculous gestures, which keep them for half an hour in the most disorderly and diverting pantomime; he commands them to do as he does, and then he passes his legs behind his neck, or his head between his legs, walking on his hands, and the poor fellows, who attempt to imitate him in good faith and with docility, make enormous somersaults, amid bursts of laughter from the spectators. He then accuses them of being good for nothing, administers a blow to one, a kick to another, and sends them away, beaten but satisfied. This is the moment when the orator commences his speech, to ask pardon of the honorable company for having amused them thus with trifles, and announces that he is about to pass to serious exercises, worthy of the select company around him. I could almost repeat the high-flown discourses of this epic mountebank, but I could never copy the gestures, tone and postures which season them.

I would not trench with unhallowed slap
On the grave where the dead are sleeping;
I would not read with ruthless touch
The pall a loved memory keeping:
But I think for all the grand display,
The clarion's cry, and the trumpet's bray,
The muffled drum and the bugle's tone,
And the cymbal's clash for a nation's groan,
With badge and banner low trailing,
That many a soul whom no state attends,
Has performed as well its stated ends,
As the one whom all states are bewailing.
—*Mrs. Emily P. Landerdale.*

☞ Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of Heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

☞ Vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

☞ Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauty of colors, rather than selecting such colors as may increase their own beauty.—*Menatone.*

☞ Provincial Philosophy.—A new novel has been published under the title of an old saying, "Never too Late to Mend." This time-honored maxim is to be received with a qualification. It may hold good of our spiritual being, but unfortunately, it does not apply to the sole of our boot.—*Punch.*

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

A Portion of Reid's Men Taken into the U. S. Service—Occupation of Lawrence by the U. S. Troops—Reid's Force Disbanded, &c., &c.

[From the Squatter Sovereign (Pro Slavery).]

Just as we are going to press we learn that Col. Reid made his approach to Lawrence on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th, with 2,700 militia, and at the suggestion of Gov. Geary, 500 men were taken from Reid's command into the United States service to assist the United States troops in expelling Lane's troops, and getting as many of them as possible prisoners, to be tried by martial law. Two hundred Government troops were after Lane, who was en route to Nebraska.

At the request of Gov. Geary, Col. Reid disbanded the balance of his men.

[From the Boonville Observer, 20th ult.]

On the eve of going to press yesterday afternoon, we had a conversation with Mr. James McClanahan, of this county, a son of Mr. Thomas McClanahan, who had just arrived from Kansas. He reports that Lane's men fired upon the U. S. troops under Gov. Geary and Gen. Smith, at a crossing on Kaw river, wounding several, and that the troops returned the fire, killing about forty of Lane's men, and taking ninety-five prisoners. [This is probably a mistake—as we see it mentioned by no other paper.—*Ed. Post.*]

He said that Gen. Reid did not come in collision with Lane's forces—that Lawrence was evacuated by Lane's troops, numbering about 1,500—that Reid and the U. S. troops rode through Lawrence, and found it deserted, with the exception of a few citizens. No property was destroyed, no persons killed or molested by Reid's forces in Lawrence, according to McClanahan's testimony, and he was present and is reliable.

The Russell arrived at our wharf about the time of McClanahan's return, passengers on board of which confirm his statement, with the additional news that Gov. Geary had a cousin in the United States army, who was killed by the fire of Lane's men. The rumor of old Brown being badly shot at Ossawattamie, and likely to die, is confirmed.

The United States troops in Kansas are reported to be about 800. Some of the Missourians, McClanahan states, design remaining in the Territory as citizens, enrolled in the Kansas militia. Those who are not enrolled will leave—or, in other words, will not be permitted to remain in armed bodies. Mr. McClanahan was a volunteer in the Rocheport company, although a citizen of Cooper, and not one of Capt. Draffin's company.

According to the Kansas correspondence of the St. Louis Republican, there are in that Territory nine hundred U. S. troops at Fort Leavenworth, and six hundred at Lecompton—making fifteen hundred in all.

St. Louis, Sept. 23.—The steamer David Tatum arrived here yesterday from St. Joseph. At Kansas City she took on board three hundred and fifty citizens of Missouri, who, in obedience to the proclamation of Gov. Geary, had given up their military organization, and returned to Missouri. Lawrence was in possession of the U. S. troops, by whom ninety of Gen. Lane's men had been made prisoners. Lane had fled from Lawrence with the remainder of his troops, and was in Nebraska. The train from Jefferson City last evening brought down several gentlemen direct from Kansas. They were passengers in the steamer Aubrey, and bring the latest news.—We learn from them that the whole of Gen. Reid's force had been disbanded, and returned to their homes. Gov. Geary was at Lecompton with 1,000 United States troops, all determined to maintain the peace and execute the laws. Under his orders ninety men had been taken prisoners at Lawrence. The report of Lane and his men having fled to Nebraska is confirmed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Baltic, which arrived at New York, on the 29th, brings Liverpool dates to the 17th.

The Chartist excitement is being revived in England.

Favorable weather for harvest operations prevailed throughout the kingdom.

The papers furnish nothing of interest from France or Spain. General Bravo is spoken of as the new Spanish Minister at Washington.

Switzerland and Prussia are settling the Neufchatel affairs by diplomacy. Prussia is said to have notified her intention to give up her claim on Neufchatel in exchange for indemnity, the amount to be fixed by the European powers. France supports these views.

Neufchatel is quiet.

Rumors prevail of further notes from Naples, but they are not generally confirmed.

The London Morning Star warns the Southern States of the United States, not to dream of annexation to England in the event of a dissolution of the Union.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says there is no doubt that a Congress will be held at Paris during the coming winter, for the settlement of questions arising out of the Treaty of Paris.

Liverpool, Sept. 16.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular states that the news brought by the Africa had no effect upon the Cotton market, which closed quiet and steady. Sales were slow, without change from previous quotations.

Breadstuffs are generally firmer. The weather had continued favorable for the crops, and the prospects for the harvest were good. There had been small parcels of red wheat of the new crop brought in by farmers. The market had been active for wheat, with an advance, chiefly for the finer qualities, of 2d a3d.

Corn market quiet, but holders demand an advance, and buyers are holding back for a reduction. Yellow mixed Corn is quoted at 31s. 6d a32.; white Corn 33s.

Provisions—The market is quiet but steady. Prices are generally unchanged.

London, Tuesday Evening, Sept. 16.—It is the general opinion among careful grain dealers, that the prices of wheat must fall. Yesterday's advance caused great surprise.

Passmore Williamson *versus* Judge Kane.—The Case of Passmore Williamson and Judge Kane was up for argument before Judge Haines, at Media, in Delaware County Court of Common Pleas, on Wednesday of last week. The case is an action of trespass, brought to recover damages for an alleged illegal imprisonment of the plaintiff by Judge Kane. The plaintiff was the respondent to a writ of *habeas corpus*, sued out by Col. John H. Wheeler, to obtain the possession of his fugitive slaves, and upon the answer he was committed to prison for an alleged contempt of Court. The damages are laid in the declaration at $50,000. The case came on to be argued on points of law upon the validity of the defendant's plea, and the sufficiency of the plaintiff's replication.

Mr. Sheppard, who opened for the defendant, made an argument citing a large number of legal authorities. The points presented were mainly—1st, that the defendant, having acted in his judicial capacity as a Judge, was not liable to the action; 2d, that the Court of which he was the Judge, had jurisdiction in the premises—to issue the *habeas corpus*, and make the commitment for contempt.

At the conclusion of Mr. Sheppard's argument, Mr. Lewis, Counsel for the plaintiff, asked for further time, in order to prepare an answer to the argument made; and to examine the authorities and the points raised, some of which were new, and they had not then time to examine them.

Judge Haines observed that the argument which had been made, not only deserved, but required an answer.

Mr. George M. Wharton said that the points and authorities were all such as naturally grew out of the pleadings in the case, and should have been anticipated, as the other side had brought on the argument. After some further discussion, the case was then postponed until the 17th December next. The case was originally brought to November Term, 1855, but owing to a mistake in the process, that suit was discontinued, and the present suit brought to February Term, 1856. The Counsel engaged were Messrs. George M. Wharton, Furman Sheppard, J. C. Vandyke and Henry Wharton of this city, for the defendant, and Messrs. J. J. Lewis and Broomall, of West Chester, for plaintiff.

A Ball for Preston S. Brooks.—A grand ball was given to Mr. Brooks, at Greenville, S. C., on the 12th ult. According to the Charleston Standard, it called out the very topmost pride and beauty of the State, to the number of five hundred, including "*some of the most reserved families, who rarely go out of their own immediate circles!*" Among the invited guests were "Hon. Waddy Thompson, Hon. J. L. Orr, Hon. B. F. Perry, Col. Gladding, from Louisiana, and many more of Carolina's noble sons, all enjoying the festive scene." Among the decorations were, "a large painting of the Palmetto Tree, with the inscription, '*Noli me Tangere*,' on the top, together with the date of the attack on Sumner, 22d May, 1856. The walls were hung with festoons, supported in the centre with a shield with *one star*. Wreaths were formed on the sides with the initials of the guest's name."

"Jim Watson's Book."—On the plantation of James Watson, near Port Gibson, Mississippi, may be witnessed an exhibition of memory that is truly remarkable. An African girl, about fourteen years of age, answers to the same name which heads this article. It is the custom of Watson to give rewards for over-work, and during the cotton-picking season the amount each hand picks is weighed twice per day—noon and night. The girl stands by the overseer, and listens to the number of pounds announced to each hand, and at night the result is reported with the utmost accuracy. Her correctness is repeatedly put to the test by Watson and others, who keep memoranda during the weighing, and a day or two afterwards she is catechised, and her memory found perfect. Mr. Watson works from sixty to seventy hands.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Vigilance Committee Resigned their Authority—Political Movements in California—Indian Depredations.

The steamship Illinois, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on the 27th ult., with dates from California to the 5th, and $1,800,000 in gold. The Illinois connected with the Golden Age, which brought down $2,850,000.

The Vigilance Committee had quietly disbanded, and on the 21st of August they opened their rooms to the public. This is only a partial resignation of their authority, for they are to assemble again in the event of any of their number being held responsible for the acts of the Committee.

At the Democratic primary elections in San Francisco, all the successful candidates were the known opponents of the Vigilance Committee.

Judge Terry took his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, on the 26th of August.

The Republican State Convention had nominated Ira P. Rankin, a merchant, President of the meeting held recently to sustain the Vigilance Committee, and Thomas Cox, a miner, for Congress.

The American State Convention had nominated B. C. Whitman and A. Dibble for Congress.

The Democratic State Convention was to meet on the 9th of September, to make their nominations. The Alta Californian says that a large number of the leading Know Nothings have gone over to the Democratic party.

Small quantities of tea and rice have been grown in different parts of the State, and hopes are entertained of their becoming staple products. The rooms of the Vigilance Committee were visited on the 21st, 22d, and 23d by about 2,500 persons, of whom 800 were ladies. Petitions were in general circulation, asking Congress to expel Herbert, who killed Keating, and asking him not to return to the State.

Durkee and Rand, two of the Vigilants, who seized the State arms in the harbor, are before the U. S. Court and have been indicted, and were to be tried for piracy on the 9th inst.

The Alta Californian says:—

"We said a few days since, and we say again, that the men who have perilled their lives, in the service of the Committee of Vigilance, must be protected from harm at all hazards. If they have been guilty of the violation of 'law,' every one of us, who countenanced and encouraged them, is equally so, and they must not be allowed to make a vicarious atonement for our acts."

The Vigilance Committee, before their final adjournment, notified Cusick, Thompson, and Hennessey, who had previously been warned to leave the State, that they might do so by the steamer of September 5th; after which, if found in the city, they will incur the penalty of death.

A fire had occurred at Martinez, destroying property to the value of $25,000.

The Indians were still committing depredations in various parts of the State.

There is a good deal of animosity growing up, in California and Oregon, towards the Mormons, both on account of the inherent vileness of their teachings, and of their emissaries having been detected inciting the northern savages to hostilities against the whites.

Highway robberies, of the most daring character, are matters of daily occurrence in the interior of the State. We scarcely open an exchange from that quarter, but it contains one or more accounts of some fresh outrage of this kind, often accompanied with the shedding of blood, and sometimes with the loss of life.

News from Nicaragua.—Our advices from Nicaragua are to the 30th of August. President Walker was remaining quietly at the capital.

Leon had been abandoned to the invading army, which numbers 1,500 troops.

Dr. Livingston, who was reported to have been shot by the Nicaraguans in retaliation for Walker's shooting Salazar, had been released and sent to San Salvador.

The people of Someto had risen against the Leon faction, and assassinated several prominent partizans, including Joaquin, Chamoro, and Augustin Hernandez.

Gen. Walker had issued several decrees, one modifying the Transit grant to Morgan, and another declaring the property of the Accessory Transit Company forfeited to the State.

A rumor had reached Aspinwall of a revolt among Gen. Walker's troops, forty of whom had refused to do duty. Gen. Walker gave them 24 hours to reconsider, at the expiration of which time, still refusing, they were led out and shot.

Hon. Pierre Soule has purchased a ranche in Nicaragua for $50,000. He was to return to the States in the next steamer.

Colonel Louis Schlessinger has published a letter to the army, denouncing Gen. Walker as a traitor, accusing him of dishonesty, and offering protection to all of Walker's troops who will join him. Col. Schlessinger was at Matagalpa, in the interior.

In a decree dated the 26th of August, President Walker, in consideration of $400,000, transfers all the property and rights of the Accessory Transit Company to Charles Morgan and Cornelius Garrison.

The Rev. Mr. Tyng's Case.—At a meeting of the Vestry of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, held on the 2d inst., the Rev. Mr. Tyng was unanimously requested to resign the rectorship of the Church. The Rector did not accede to this request of the Vestry, but consented to submit the difficulties between them and himself to the congregation, and abide by their decision. The Vestry have acquiesced in this arrangement, and on Sunday week printed notices were placed in the pews, notifying the congregation of the time and place for holding the election. Should three-fourths of the congregation deposit their votes "For the Vestry," the Rector is to vacate the Rectorship, and if "Against the Vestry," Mr. T. will retain his place. Mr. T. is preparing a statement, and the Vestry will also have their account of the difficulty ready in due season.

The Rector has many warm friends, and the Vestry are likewise ably supported. The church is in a highly prosperous condition, both in temporal and spiritual matters, which the adherents of the Rector attribute mainly to his labor and zeal.

The following is a copy of the printed notices circulated among the congregation on Sunday week:

Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia.

On Monday, the Third Day of November, between the hours of 3 and 9, P. M., Judges as of an Election will sit in the Vestry-Room to receive the Polls of Legal Voters, in the following terms:

"*For the Vestry.*" "*Against the Vestry.*"

Health of New York.—New York, September 27.—The Brooklyn Board of Health had a very exciting session this morning. Three new cases of yellow fever were reported, one in Furman street, dead; two others removed to the County Hospital. Dr. Wendell, the Health Officer, stated that he had instructed physicians to call the disease, in the first instance, bilious congestive fever, in order to prevent a panic; but it was true, he said, that all cases so returned were genuine yellow fever. A precious confession, indeed! Mayor Hall is something better to-day. It is not correct, as stated in the Journal of Commerce, that his complaint is yellow fever.

The City Inspector's report for the week, ending to-day, announces 431 deaths, a decrease of 30 upon the mortality of the previous week. Men, 74; women, 70; boys, 153; girls, 134. Three deaths from yellow fever are reported. All of them occurred in James and Madison streets. Children under 10 years, 235. Deaths in the public institutions, 60. Natives of the United States, 325. It is stated that the fever has re-appeared on Governor's Island, but whether truly or not, I cannot say.

Burning of the Steamer Niagara on Lake Michigan.—The steamer Niagara of the Collingwood line took fire on the evening of the 24th ult. when four miles from Port Washington on Lake Michigan, and was burned to the water's edge. Sixty-six lives are reported lost. Among these is the Hon. John C. Macy of Michigan. The Niagara's freight, which was very large, was entirely lost. A number of her passengers were picked up by the propeller Illinois. The water was so cold that few could live in it. The hull of the Niagara sunk a mile and a half from shore, in seven fathoms water. She was valued at $75,000.

Free Speech in Wheeling.—The Mayor of Wheeling, Va., Alfred Caldwell, Esq., in a proclamation in the Wheeling Times, warns all against disturbing the Republican meetings, and calls on good citizens to aid the city authorities in quelling disturbances and punishing offenders. Mr. Caldwell says it is the constitutional right of all citizens of Virginia to oppose "the propagation of slavery in the Territories of the United States," and hopes it shall not again be said that "the right of freedom of discussion cannot be exercised in Wheeling."

Singular and Fatal Accident.—At Harrison Lake, Wisconsin, lately, a sportsman, on shooting at a duck in the lake, was horrified to see a man spring forward and fall on the beach near by. It appears that a ball struck a wave and bounded back in a line varying only about fifteen degrees from whence it started, and passed through the heart of the man who fell, killing him instantly.

Killed by an Elk.—Captain B. Watts, a wealthy citizen of Howard Co., Mo., was killed by an elk which he kept with some deer in an enclosure on his farm. He received more than a dozen wounds, any one of which was mortal. The elk was shot immediately, and his horns were found to be covered with the blood of his victim.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Cotton and Sugar Crop in Texas.—The prospect of Texas were never more flattering. A plentiful harvest and a tolerable corn crop have been realized. The quality of the cotton of this season is very good. About three-fourths of a full crop will be realized.

Nicaraguan Minister.—The National Intelligencer announces that "the President will not, at present, receive a Minister from Nicaragua, owing to the unsettled political condition of that republic."

Is it So?—It is a popular belief that the age of trees can be determined by the "rings" or grains that overlie each other in their trunks. Mr. Joshua Howard, of Maryland, disputes the fact. He says that these rings counted on the section of the tree are not of annual growth, but are formed one at every full moon in the growing season, and in the latitude of Maryland five in a year. This he has frequently proved by felling young trees, the age of which he knew. The extraordinary age given to trees by the popular rule has made many persons doubt whether it is true.

Wood Gas.—A simple and economical woodgas apparatus has been invented, consisting of a small furnace with a retort placed over the fire. The gas is produced from pine and other resinous woods, small blocks of which are placed on a shelf within the retort. The action of the heat causes the resinous products of the wood to melt, and, escaping from the pores, they slowly drip down upon the bottom of the retort, where the heat is more intense, and by which they are converted into carburetted hydrogen gas. The gas there formed then goes through a slight purification, when it is ready for burning. The substance kept in the retort, after producing the gas, is charcoal of superior quality.

The Slave Trade in Cuba.—It is estimated, from reliable data, that not less than 14,000 Africans have been landed on the island within the last eight months.

M. de Lamartine, who for some time has been in Macon, France, where he is suffering from rheumatism, has received from the Emperor of Brazil one hundred thousand francs, as payment of five thousand subscriptions to the "Familiar Course of Literature" of the illustrious and hard-working author.

The Tobacco Crop.—Advices as far South as Clarksville, Tennessee, represent the tobacco crop of Tennessee and Kentucky to have been seriously damaged by the severe frosts.

The Cotton Crop.—Letters received from Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, state that the cotton in those States will yield only a half crop.

Stealing a Locomotive.—The Memphis Evening News relates that a negro fireman employed on the Somerville Branch Railroad, stole the locomotive, and taking on seven or eight other negroes, ran away with it within one mile of that city, when they left it and took to the woods.

A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county, and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners of the fence, *begging every man that passed for a chew.*

Frozen to Death.—The Decatur (Ill.) Chronicle, says that on Sunday the skeleton of a man was found on the prairie, about 8 miles south-east of that town. It was evidently that of some one who was frozen to death last winter, being enveloped in three coats and three pairs of pants.

Politics and Religion.—An Alton (Ill.) paper states that "a pew-owner in Rev. Mr. Haley's Church, in that city, offers to bet his pew, eligibly situated, and valued at $100, against a pew in the Rev. Mr. Norton's Church, on the result of the election in November!"

The Buckwheat Crop.—The Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner says, that in that and some of the adjoining counties, the buckwheat crop was never more promising.

Large Decline in Provisions.—Letters from Cincinnati advise of sales of city cut bulk shoulders at 6½ cents packed, and that bulk sides are offered at 7.70 to 8 cents packed. Sixty days since bulk shoulders were held there at 9 cents, and sides at 11¼ cents, packed. Great are the fluctuations in the provision trade.—*Louisville Journal.*

At the recent Fremont procession at Sandusky, Ohio, were over one hundred girls in an immense carriage, drawn by forty horses. The girls were all in white dresses, with blue sashes, and they carried a banner with the inscription, "Of the Tribe of Jessie."

Wash

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"How we Bought, and How we Were Swindled."

In my last letter I ran short of space, which, combined with the importance of the subject about to be treated upon, induced me to put it off another week, in order that I might be enabled to introduce it with all respect at the head of a fresh letter. And now for an idea of how we bought, and how we were swindled, in the Japanese bazaar at Simoda.

In the first place, then, every merchant had his own goods in his own stall, and his several clerks to assist him to dispose of them. The prices of these goods, as I previously stated, were mostly marked on them in dollars and cents, just as we see them in the windows of our own shops, and so all that one had to do, was to stroll from stall to stall, admire and examine the different articles, compare the depth of his admiration with that of his pocket and the price affixed, and then make up his mind as to whether he could afford to indulge his longing. There was no haggling over a price there, no such thing as beating down; there it was in bold relief, written in the plainest of both English and Japanese; so we only had to say the magic words "put him in a box," or "put him in paper," or pass on to some other article more or less expensive. Those "magic words" require a word of explanation.

As a general rule, the Japanese make neat boxes of a species of white cedar for their lacquer ware, &c., when it is of ordinary, fair, or No. 1 quality, while for the inferior kinds, they use paper as wrappings. While exposed for sale, all of the former set on the top of their empty boxes, while the latter are stowed en masse, and treated generally with much less consideration. As soon, therefore, as a thing would be bought, we would be more than likely to say "put it in a box," or "put it in paper," or something of that sort,—and their watchful ears soon caught these sounds, while their observing eyes told them that whenever they were uttered, something was always bought. So with a very imperfect idea of what "put him in a box meant," they would watch us with their glittering eyes as we lingered over their wares, and encourage us to purchase by using that expression from time to time as they observed us to hesitate. After a while they arrived at its exact meaning, but had got so used to it by that time, that when anything whose quality did not entitle it to a box was bought, they could only hold it and remark in a manner of nonplussed inquiry—"no put him in a box," which we found to mean that they could only afford to wrap it up in paper.

As we selected the different things in this way, we were followed by one, two, or three boys, as the extent of our purchases might call for. As fast as an article was bought, we entered its name (having often to coin them for ourselves) and price on our list, and passed on to something else, while our watchful attendant picked it up and followed us around as long as we lingered in his particular stall. When we had tired of one merchant, we crossed the court to the sitting-room of those who had charge of the affair, (the officers,) where we always found them sitting a la Turk around a metallic brasier containing live coals, at which they from time to time lit their diminutive pipes, or warmed their sugarless tea. They would also make a list of the articles brought by the boys who followed us, count the cost, compare their amount with ours and that of the merchant, and then receive it in silver dollars. The goods were then delivered to us, and an acknowledgment given to the merchant to the effect that the government owed him an itzabu for each dollar that had been paid in.

As night approached and business was closed for the day, all the dollars that had been received, were counted in the presence of the several officers and spies, boxed up carefully, and immediately forwarded to Yeddo, where they went into the mint as so many itzabu only, and came out multiplied by three and a fraction. An itzibu for every dollar received, was then sent back to Simoda, and the acknowledgments redeemed.

Thus it will be seen that if a merchant sold one hundred itzabu worth of goods, he received his money in full, and in good time; that the Government cleared a fraction over sixty-seven cents on every silver dollar that entered their ports; and that we and our poor old Uncle Samuel, were really the only sufferers. For though $100 was marked on the goods as their price, still it was with the understanding that a dollar, though more than three times as heavy, was still only equal to an itzabu, and the same goods would have been sold to us for $33, could we only have converted that weight of silver into its real value, equal to one hundred itzabu.

"I'll tell you what it is!" I remarked to one of the officers, while paying up my first bill, "the first thing you know, some American will imitate your die, and come here with a ship load of itzabu to buy your goods with; then you'll have to receive your own money for what it is worth."

He smiled calmly at my evident greenness, as he replied through Ta-cho-nos-kee as follows: "It is not possible for Japanese itzabu to go out of Nipon; how then can they ever be brought back again? If we saw you with itzabu, we would know that you had made them, hence we would not be forced to receive them. They would not be our coin in that case." After this "sockdollager" like argument he quietly lit his pipe, handed it to me, and smiled a smile of careless indifference.

I have previously remarked that silver was much more preferable to them than gold, and the reason was this: A gold piece of theirs valued at four itzabu weighs about as much as one of our quarter eagles. Hence if an article was marked $2.50, and was paid for with a quarter eagle, the gold received would only be equal to four itzabu; but were it paid for in silver this latter would be equal to about seven and three-quarters itzabu, or nearly double. From this it will be seen that gold is less valuable in Japan than in other countries, and were it not for the peculiar policy of that people, this difference might be speculated upon to great advantage by outsiders, but as there is no possibility of one's buying it up and getting it out of the country, the fact loses much of its importance.

I asked Ta-cho-nos-kee among other questions why gold was not more valuable? was it as plentiful as silver among them? &c., &c., and he replied that it was as hard to dig one as the other, from which I inferred that he had answered my last question in the affirmative, but when I said something to that effect he added an ambiguous remark that left me as much in the dark as ever: "They are both in the ground, how, therefore, can we tell?" or words to that effect. The above gives a very fair idea of the cautious manner in which they answered our questions.

Upon one occasion when we were making some purchases, one of the Americans, (Mr. Edgerton,) spoken of in a previous letter as having arrived at Simoda a few days before us, offered a gold eagle and one dollar in silver in payment, and it was flatly refused. "Why do you refuse it?" he asked. "The treaty says that 'Payment shall be made in gold and silver.' I fulfil its conditions by giving you ten dollars in gold and one in silver, and you break it by insisting on receiving eleven silver dollars. You won't be satisfied until we bring a thousand filibusters (from California to see you,) and learn you what's right. Tell them so."

Poor Ta-cho-nos-kee at this period of the action looked remarkably small and confused.

"Do you not see that I am only the interpreter?" he asked, in his imperfect English. "I only tell you what I am told to. It is not my fault if the Emperor prefers to be paid in silver."

"Confound your Emperor's tastes," continued Edgerton, as he reluctantly hauled out the silver; "I came here on the strength of the treaty, bringing nothing but gold with me, and now I find it won't pass. What kind of a treaty do you call that? Commodore Perry 'll come back here some day and blow you sky high."

"Japanese like Commodore Perry very much," replied Ta-cho-nos-kee, "but not understand him all. Japanese will do what Commodore Perry's treaty speak," &c., &c.

And yet while thus invariably protesting their willingness to fulfil the requirements of said treaty, they scarcely ever did so. They are certainly, politically speaking, at any rate, the most dishonest and untrustworthy people in the world, and, in my opinion, a good Filibusters' drubbing is the only thing that will ever introduce them to honesty. The great bugbear of the Government is the fear of a foreign war. They are well aware of the one which the English waged so successfully against their neighbors the Chinese, and are nervously afraid of experiencing similar treatment at the hands of any nation they may be so unfortunate as to offend. There is no manner of doubt in my mind, but that this fear was a powerful, though unacknowledged auxilliary in bringing them to the signing of any treaty at all. I firmly believe that they signed it as the *lesser of two evils*, that they knew at the time *exactly what it meant*, and that there was a "secret reservation" on their part to respect its provisions, *only so far as they should be forced to, to keep out of trouble*. And this is not my opinion alone, but that also of all with whom I have conversed; who were there with me, and who like me suffered from their unfaithfulness. Thus was it that we "bought and were swindled," and now let us turn to the stalls once more.

One of the objects most worthy of admiration was an artificial bird—an ordinary chicken-hawk—and it was decidedly the most naturally executed thing of the kind that I ever saw. No feather-work specimen of Rio Janeiro, Madeira, or any other part of the world, ever excelled it. It was the first thing of the kind that we had seen or heard of, but we were told that they were quite plentiful in Yeddo. This fellow sat upon an ivory perch, to which he was chained by a chain of the same, and was invariably, when first seen, taken for a live bird; everything was perfect.

There was also in one of those stalls a most beautiful fabric, which, for the want of a better name, we called crimped crape. It was in the form of a scarf, some four feet in length by six inches in width, was of a brilliant crimson color, and capable of being stretched to a length of twenty feet, while retaining its width unimpaired. Upon being let go after being thus elongated, it would spring back—India-rubber like—to its former length. We subsequently observed that the women used it largely for tying up their hair—and that after a time its elasticity became greatly impaired. "What a *sweet* spring scarf it would make!" exclaimed a young lady of Philadelphia, upon my displaying a sample of it, which I had brought home simply to show the fabric.

And now I will conclude this letter with a general remark upon the utter uselessness of the great majority of the articles made by the Japanese for export. They themselves have no use for many of them; and when asked "Why they had been made," would reply that they were copied from drawings or patterns obtained from the Dutch, and that they, the Dutch, bought them in large quantities, and carried them away.

As we walked among them, such expressions as the following, might be heard at every turn: "It's a very beautiful piece of work, truly, but then what use can it be put to? I don't believe they would know what to do with this, themselves," &c., &c. and it was really singular how many things there were to which the same remark would apply. So much for Japan and the Japanese. This is my last glance at their long hidden customs, and greatly overrated, because unknown resources.

Breach of Promise of Marriage Brought Against a Lady.—A curious instance of a lady availing herself, in 1540, of the right to appear by champion, in a breach of promise of marriage case, is mentioned in the memoirs of the Marechal de Vieilleville. The husband of Philippe de Montespedon having died in Piedmont without issue, she was left a young, rich, and beautiful widow, and was sought in marriage by several noble suitors. Amongst these was the Marquis de Saluces, to whose attentions she seemed to listen favorably, and she permitted him to accompany her from Turin to Paris. It turned out, however, that the sly dame merely wished to have the advantage of his escort on the journey; and when she arrived at its termination, she cavalierly dismissed him, saying, "Adieu, sir! your lodging is at the hostel des Ursins, and mine at the hostel Saint Denis, close to that of the Augustins." The marquis still persisted in his suit; but as Philippe continued obdurate, he asserted that she made him a formal promise of marriage, and cited her to appear before the court of parliament. She came there, attended by a numerous company of friends, and, having been desired by the president to hold up her hand, she was asked whether she had ever promised marriage to the marquis, who was then present in court. She answered upon her honor that she had not; and when the court proceeded to press her with further questions, she exclaimed with passionate warmth, "Gentlemen, I never was in a court of justice before; and this makes me fear that I may not answer properly. But to put a stop to all captious cavilling and word catching, I swear in the face of this assembly to God and the king,—to God under pain of eternal damnation to my soul; and to the king under the penalty of loss of honor and life,—that I have never given pledge or promise of marriage to the Marquis de Saluces, and, what is more, that I never thought of such a thing in my life. And if there is any one who will assert the contrary, here is my chevalier whom I offer to maintain my words, which he knows are entirely true, and uttered by the lips of a lady of honor, if ever there was one. And this I do, trusting in God and my good right, that he will prove the plaintiff to be (begging the pardon of the court) a villainous liar." This spirited defiance caused no little sensation in the audience; and the magistrate told the register that he might put up his papers, for Madame la Marechale had taken another and much shorter road towards settling the dispute. Then, addressing the marquis, he asked, "Well, sir, what say you to this challenge?" But the love, as well as the valor of the latter was fast oozing away; and the craven knight answered by a very decided negative; "I want not," said he, "to take a wife by force; and if she does not wish to have me, I do not wish to have her." And so making a low obeisance to the court, he prudently retired, and the fair Philippe heard no more of his pretensions to her hand.

Samuel Rogers.—Rogers gave advice instead of a letter of introduction, to a young friend who was going to Birmingham, and had a desire to see Doctor Parr. The advice was to be collected from the result. "Well, what did you do?" was the first question to the traveller on his return. "Exactly as you told me. I knocked boldly at the door, and asked for Dr. Parr. I was shown into a parlor on the ground-floor by a servant-maid. When the Doctor appeared, I looked steadily at him for a moment, and then said, 'Dr. Parr, I have taken an inexcusable liberty, and cannot complain if you order me to be kicked out of your house. On seeing your name upon the door, I could not make up my mind to pass the house of the greatest man in Europe without seeing him. I knocked, was admitted, and here I am!' The Doctor seized me by both hands in a kind of transport of welcome, fairly danced me up and down the room, and ended by keeping me to dinner on a roast shoulder of mutton."—*Edinburgh Review.*

INFRINGING THE RULES.

Interested Traveller.—I say, ain't you rather young for such a post as that?

Gigantic Helmsman.—Why don't you mind the rules?—"No talking allowed with the man at the wheel."

THE MAGICAL MANGO.

Everybody has heard of the Indian juggler's trick of producing a young mango-tree from a seed which he takes from his bag, and submits to your examination. The seed is sound, and fit for planting. The juggler collects a quantity of earth, moistens it with water, and taking a mango-stone from his bag, plants it in the earth he has prepared. Over all, he places a moderate-sized round basket, upon which he spreads his cloth or a native blanket. After an interval of discordant music and incantation, the cloth and basket are removed, the muddy seed is taken from the earth, and you observe that long, slender, white fibres, forming the root, have suddenly shot out. Again it is planted, and covered as before, and the music becomes more discordant, and the incantation more furious. At length the charm is complete, and the removal of the basket displays a young and tender shoot, with two opening leaves at its summit. Exclamations of surprise from the bystanders, and satisfaction from the band of jugglers, complete the second act. Again all is covered up anew, and the ear-splitting music goes on. Suddenly the coverings are removed, and, to the amazement and delight of all, the first shoot of a young mango-tree, with its small light-colored leaves, makes its appearance. Seven years ago, I was the spectator of such a scene at Madras, where I had gone on sick leave, and was glad of any amusement to relieve the monotony of a forced confinement to the house. I had a shrewd suspicion that, if I could examine this tree of miraculous growth, it would turn out a very simple affair. Acting on this idea, I suddenly seized it, and, in spite of the clamor of the jugglers, bore it off. It certainly had the appearance of a real mango-shoot. There was the dirty stone, wet and discolored, with the earth clinging to it. From its lower part, the white fibres of the recent root streamed out with a most natural appearance, whilst from the upper side sprang a perfect young shoot, six or eight inches in height, with the leaves in their earliest growth. A basin of water solved the *mystery, for*, on washing the stone, I found it old and dry, and split down on one side. From its cavity I took out a small bundle of grass roots, one end of which was tied with thread, and withdrew the young shoot of the mango from the top of the stone. Here you have only one part of the apparatus of deception. It is perfected in the following manner:—The mango, an evergreen, grows in almost every large garden in India. A confederate first pulls a sufficient quantity of the roots of grass which are white, long, and fibrous, and resemble the first growth of roots from the mango-seed. He ties them up, inserts the tie end in the cleft stone, and gives them secretly with the cloth to his chief, who plants a mango-stone before your eyes, and whilst putting the cloth over the basket, dexterously withdraws it, and substitutes the stone with the roots. The moist earth in which it is buried removes all appearance of deception. Again the confederate is ready with his progressive slips of mango, which, at every removal of the basket, he contrives to place within reach of the operator without being seen; and the latter, in his manipulations whilst covering up the basket with the cloth, slips them into the upper part of the slit in the mango-stone. The same process may be continued so as to give you the fruit growing in its various stages, but this of course must depend on the trick being performed in the fruit-season. I was twenty-three years in India, and never met with anybody who could explain the *modus operandi* of this trick, though almost all—not all!—felt satisfied it was a trick.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Color of the Ocean.—The waters of the globe exhibit various hues, which depend upon a variety of circumstances. The ocean absorbs all the prismatic colors, except that of ultra marine, which is reflected in every direction. This is its true color in general, when seen apart from atmospheric influence, modified by depth; but every gleam of sunshine, passing clouds, winds, shoals, and sandbanks, affect its tints. Particular parts of the ocean show peculiar colors. The sea is white in the Gulf of Guinea, and black amid the Maldive Islands. Variously purple, red, and rose-colored waters occur in the higher parts of the Mediterranean, in the Vermilion Sea off California, the Red Sea, and in tracts along the coasts of Chili, Brazil, and Australia.—Green water appears in the Persian Gulf, off the Arabian coast, and in connection with the deepest blue in the Arctic Ocean. These appearances are permanent, and so distinct, that ships have been seen partly in blue and partly in green water at the same time. These tints are occasioned by differently colored animalcules, which swarm in countless myriads in the tracts in question. The same species of animalcules (*Trichodesmium erythræum*) which color the Red Sea, have been found in other similarly-tinted districts of the ocean. The green of the Arctic Seas is produced also by minute animals, which visit in spring the coast of Holland, and have been encountered in immense shoals migrating in the Atlantic. In the Antarctic regions, Sir James remarked repeatedly the change of color of the sea from light oceanic blue to a dirty brown, caused by ferruginous animalcules. The phosphorescence of the ocean, a magnificent and imposing spectacle, when the waves scintillate with bright green sparks, or exhibit a long line of fire flashing in a thousand directions, is mainly caused by minute organic beings, which are phosphorescent while alive; a property retained by the gelatinous particles with which certain tracts of the deep are thickly charged—their dead and dismembered relics. At the same time, a disturbed electrical condition of the atmosphere may be most favorable to the phenomenon.

☞ A singular old gentleman in an agricultural county, was waited upon the other day with his surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating for some time over its contents, he desired the young man who called with it to tell his master that the medicine he would pay for, but he should *return the visits.*

THE POETS ON MUSIC.

"How music charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!"
—*Young.*

"Through every pulse the music steals,
And hold communion with the soul:
Wrung from the coyest breast the imprisoned sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye."
—*Montgomery.*

Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage."
—*Pope.*

"There's music in the forest leaves,
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls
That braid their sunny hair;
The first wild bird that drinks the dew
From violets of the spring,
Has music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing."
—*Hallock.*

"That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he help himself o'all, if he would? Oh, not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree."
—*Wordsworth.*

"There's something in
The shape of harps, as though they had been made
By music."
—*P. J. Bailey.*

"At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."
—*Milton.*

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress."

"This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air."

"Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unbandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music; therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature."

"That strain again: it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came over me like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

"Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones;
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unbounded deeps to dance on sands."

"The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."
—*Shakspeare.*

The Sagacity of Turnspit Dogs.—Among the mental problems which occupied much of the attention of Ampere was the vexed question of the nature of the faculties of animals. He originally decided against their capacity to reason, but he abandoned the opinion in deference to a single anecdote, related by a friend on whose accuracy he could rely. This gentleman, driven by a storm into a village public house, ordered a fowl to be roasted. Old fashions then prevailed in the south of France, and turnspits were still employed in the place of the modern jack. Neither caresses, threats, nor blows could make the dog act his part. The gentleman interposed. "Poor dog, indeed!" said the landlord, sharply, "he deserves none of your pity, for these scenes take place every day. Do you know why this pretty fellow refuses to work the spit? It is because he has taken it into his head that he and his partner are to share alike, and it is not his turn." Ampere's informant begged that a servant might be sent to find the other dog, who made no difficulty about performing his task. He was taken out after a while, and his refractory partner put in, who began, now his sense of justice was satisfied, to work with thorough good will, like a squirrel in a cage. A similar incident was related by M. de Liancourt to the great Arnauld, who, with other Port Royalists, had adopted the theory of Descartes, that dogs were automatons and machines, and who, on the strength of this conviction, dissected the poor creatures to observe the circulation of the blood, and denied that they felt. "I have two dogs," said the remonstrator against this cruelty, "who turn the spit on alternate days. One of them hid himself, and his partner was about to be put to turn in his place. He barked and wagged his tail, as a sign to the cook to follow him, went to the garret, pulled out the truant, and worried him. Are these your machines?" The great Arnauld, mighty in controversy and redoubtable in logic, must have had a latent consciousness that the turnspit had refuted him.—*Arago's Account of Ampere.*

☞ Concession.—A little explained, a little endured, a little tolerated as a foible, and, lo! the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

THE PERFECTION OF POLICE MACHINERY.

In the last century, a merchant of high respectability, in Bordeaux, had occasion to visit the metropolis upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of Paris, a genteel-looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addressed him to this effect: "Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau, exactly answer the description I hold in my hand. You will permit me to have the honor of conducting you to the Minister of Police, Monsieur de Sartines."

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more so at hearing the name of the Lieutenant of the Police mentioned, demanded to know what Monsieur de Sartines wanted with him; adding, at the same time, that he never had committed any offence against the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him.

The messenger declared himself perfectly ignorant of the cause of the detention; stating, at the same time, that when he had conducted him to M. de Sartines, he should have executed his orders, which were merely ministerial.

After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him accordingly. M. de Sartines received him with great politeness; and, after requesting him to be seated, to his great astonishment, he described his portmanteau; and told him the exact sum in bills and specie which he had brought with him to Paris, and where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed, and a number of circumstances, which the gentleman had conceived could only be known to himself.

Monsieur de Sartines having thus excited attention, put this extraordinary question to him: "Sir, are you a man of courage?"

The gentleman, still more astonished at the singularity of such an interrogatory, demanded the reason why he put such a strange question, adding at the same time, that no man ever doubted his courage.

M. de Sartines replied, "Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night! If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel and retire to rest at the usual hour; but be careful that you do not fall asleep. Neither will it be proper for you to look under the bed, or into any of the closets which are in your bedchamber;"—which he accurately described. "You must place your portmanteau in its usual situation near your bed, and discover no suspicion. Leave what remains to me. If, however, you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will procure a person who shall personate you, and go to bed in your stead."

After some further explanation, which convinced the gentleman that M. de Sartines' intelligence was accurate in every particular, he refused to be personated, and formed an immediate resolution literally to follow the directions he had received. He accordingly went to bed at his usual hour, which was eleven o'clock. At half-past twelve, (the time mentioned by M. de Sartines,) the door of the bedchamber burst open, and three men entered with a dark lantern, daggers, and pistols. The gentleman, who, of course, was awake, perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death. The gentleman hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, it may be naturally supposed, was under great perturbation of mind during such an awful interval of suspense; when, at the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police-officers, acting under M. de Sartines' orders, who were concealed under the bed and in the closet, rushed out and seized the offenders with the property in their possession, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder.

The consequence was, that the perpetration of the atrocious deed was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. M. de Sartines' intelligence enabled him to prevent this horrid offence of robbery and murder; which, but for the accuracy of the system, would probably have been carried into execution.

Another anecdote relates to the Austrian Emperor, Joseph the Second. That monarch having, in the year 1787, formed and promulgated a new code of laws relative to criminal and civil offences; and having also established what he conceived to be the best system of police in Europe, he could scarcely ever forgive the French nation, in consequence of the accuracy and intelligence of M. de Sartines having been found so much superior to his own, notwithstanding the immense pains he had bestowed on that department of his Government.

A very notorious offender, who was a subject of the Emperor, and who committed many atrocious acts of violence and depredation at Vienna, was traced to Paris by the police established by his Majesty, who ordered his ambassador at the Court of France to demand that this delinquent should be delivered up to public justice.

M. de Sartines acknowledged to the imperial ambassador that the person he inquired after had been at Paris; that if it would be any satisfaction, he could inform him where he had lodged, and the different gaming-tables, and other places of infamous resort, which he had frequented while there; but that he was now gone.

The ambassador, after stating the accuracy and correct mode by which the police of Vienna was conducted, insisted that this offender must still be in Paris; otherwise the Emperor would not have commanded him to make such an application. M. de Sartines smiled at the incredulity of the imperial minister, and made a reply to the following effect:—

"Do me the honor, sir, to inform the Emperor, your master, that the person he looks for left Paris on the tenth day of the last month; and is now lodged in a back room, looking into a garden, in the third-story of a house, No. 93, in —— Street, in his own capital of Vienna; where his Majesty will, by sending to the spot, be sure to find him."

It was literally as the French Minister of Police had stated. The Emperor, to his astonishment, found the delinquent in the house and apartment described; but he was greatly mortified at this proof of the accuracy of the French police; which, in this instance, in point of intelligence, even in Vienna, was discovered to be so much superior to his own.

The Universality of Art.—The study of art possesses this great and peculiar charm, that it is absolutely unconnected with the struggles and contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, men are deeply divided and set at variance; but beyond and above all such petty strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art. It is a taste at once engrossing and unselfish, which may be indulged without effort, and yet has the power of exciting the deepest emotions—a taste able to exercise and to gratify both the nobler and softer parts of our nature—the imagination and the judgment, love of emotion and power of reflection, the enthusiasm and the critical faculty, the senses and the reason.—*Guizot.*

Doubling the Law.—At Birmingham, about the year 1775, the vestry passed an order that each person receiving relief should wear a badge. A number of these were cast for the purpose. The day arrived. An old woman, the first, was brought before the board, who told her what the order was, and gave her her badge of disgrace. She courtesied, and expressed her readiness to do as they commanded without delay. Pulling up her gown, she pinned it on her petticoat; then, letting fall her gown, the badge was invisible, and thus the plan was frustrated, to the great annoyance of the parish law-makers.—*Roberts.*

WEALTH OF BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

In the evidence of wealth amassed by ancient families, the traveller is shown the places in Piccadilly, Burlington House, Devonshire House, Lansdowne House in Berkshire Square, and, lower down in the city, a few noble houses which still withstand, in all their amplitude, the encroachment of streets. The Duke of Bedford includes or included a mile square in the heart of London, where the British Museum, once Montague House, now stands, and the land occupied by Woburn Square, Bedford Square, Russel Square. The Marquis of Westminster built within a few years the series of squares, called Belgravia. Stafford House is the noblest palace in London. Northumberland House holds its place by Charing Cross. Chesterfield House remains in Audley street. Sion House and Holland House are in the suburbs. But most of the historical houses are masked or lost in the modern uses to which trade or charity has converted them. A multitude of town palaces contain inestimable galleries of art.

In the country, the size of private estates is more impressive. From Barnard Castle, I rode on to the highway twenty-three miles from High Force, a fall of the trees, toward Darlington, past Raby Castle, through the estate of the Duke of Cleveland. The Marquis of Brendalbane rides out of his house a hundred miles in a straight line to the sea, on his own property. The Duke of Sutherland owns the county of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from sea to sea. The Duke of Devonshire, besides his other estates, owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has forty thousand acres at Goodwood, and 300,000 at Gordon Castle. The Duke of Norfolk's park, in Sussex, is fifteen miles in circuit. An agriculturist bought, lately, the island of Lewis, in Hebrides, containing 500,000 acres. The possessions of the Earl of Lonsdale gave him eight seats in Parliament. This is the Heptarchy again, and before the reform of 1832, one hundred and fifty four persons sent three hundred and seven members to Parliament. The boroughmongers governed England.

These large dominions are growing larger. The great estates are absorbing the small freeholds. In 1786, the soil of England was owned by 200,000 corporations and proprietors; and in 1822, by 32,000. These broad estates find room on this narrow island. All over England, scattered at short intervals among ship-yards, mills, mines, and forges, are the paradises of the noble, where the live-long repose and refinement are heightened by the contrast with the roar of industry and necessity, out of which you have stepped aside.—*R. W. Emerson's English Traits.*

☞ Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

Useful Receipts.

Acrimony Tea.—The following recipe is given in a late number of the Moniteur. Put fresh gathered leaves into a coffee roaster along with three pebbles to act as stirrers. At the end of a quarter of an hour a native tea is produced which is said to be wholesome, pleasant to drink, and possessed of all the tonic or astringent qualities of green tea. This beverage is particularly adapted to people who live poorly, and imperfectly digest their bad food; it is also recommended against dysentery.

To Preserve Fruit Jellies From Mould.—Cover the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with fine pulverised loaf sugar. When thus protected, the jellies will keep for years in good condition, and free from mouldiness.

To Remove Fly Spots.—Dip a camel's-hair brush into spirits of wine, and apply it, to remove fly spots.

Neuralgic Headache.—The application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is represented to be an efficacious and speedy remedy for headaches arising from neuralgic affections.

To Cook Ripe Tomatoes.—Remove the skins, and season them to the taste. Roll them in flour, and place them in a deep dish, add a little water and butter, place in a quick oven, and take until tender. Serve hot, and you will have a delicious dish.

Preserving Eggs.—The North-Western Farmer has tried the following method of preserving eggs, and recommends it. Take a sieve, and cover the bottom with eggs; then pour boiling water upon them, sufficient to give them a thorough wetting, permitting the water to pass off through the sieve. Take them out and dry them; then pack them in bran, the small ends down; and your eggs will keep *forever.*

Apple Wine.—Take pure cider made from sound ripe apples as it runs from the press. Put from 40 to 60 pounds of common brown sugar (according to the sweetness desired) into 15 gallons of the cider and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out for 48 hours; then put in the bung, with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight, and in one year the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees the better.

Protecting Dried Fruit from Worms.—Place it in a tin steamer, and set it over a kettle of boiling water; then cover it closely with several folds of flannel or cotton, to prevent the escape of steam. It should remain until thoroughly heated, when it can be put into cotton or linen bags, tied up tightly, and hung in a cool place. Twice in the season, say in May and July, will be sufficient. I will warrant this to be effectual.—*Country Gentleman.*

Mixture for Polishing Brass.—Spirits of turpentine, half a pint; rotten stone, quarter of a pound; charcoal in powder, quarter of a pound. Mix well, and add a quarter of a pint of sweet oil; finish with dry charcoal dust.

Blacking for Harness.—Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar candy, four ounces of soft-soap dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.

Excellent Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter, one of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of sweet milk, three of flour, and four eggs. One and a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Two pounds of raisins, chopped fine; one nutmeg, and a little brandy, if you choose. This will make two good-sized loaves, which will keep moist without liquor from four to six weeks, when it is properly covered.

To Pickle Tomatoes.—Always use those which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them as most receipt books direct. Let them lie in strong brine three or four days, then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions, and pieces of horseradish. Then pour on the vinegar (cold) which should be first spiced as for peppers; let there be a spice bag to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully and set them by in the cellar for a full month before using.—*Homestead.*

Tomato Catsup.—Take ripe tomatoes and scald them just sufficiently to allow you to take off the skin. Then let them stand for a day, covered with salt. Strain them thoroughly, to remove the seeds. Then to every two quarts, three ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs, and a very little cayenne pepper, with a little salt. Boil the liquor for half an hour, and then let it cool and settle. Add a pint of the best cider vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing it tightly. Keep it always in a cool place.—*Homestead.*

EARLY FRIENDS.

Oft have the violets come and passed,
Oft red leaves floated by,
Ay, hearts have broken too, since last
I gazed in his dark eye.
How lovely seemed its hazel light!
How lovely still it seems!
How like a splendid star too bright
To shine on aught save dreams!
I have not thought a name could start
Such memories from—such a heart.

And lo—they said the grave's cold clasp
Was around that boyish form:
Oh! can the heart my dreams would grasp
Be cousin to yet and warm?
His brow was pale, as lonely thought
Had left its traces there;
Soft, golden gleams from sunlight caught
Were on his wavy hair;
And there was much that love might prize
In his strange, deep-blue mournful eyes.

Yet this seemed all. His brow and lip,
Were not of faultless mould;
And but for spirit kindredship
His power to win was cold;
Because his form was far too slight,
His face too like a girl's,
Too dreamy was his eye's veiled light,
Too childish locked his curls;
For him to please the cold or proud
Or move the idol of a crowd.

I know my heart is freezing fast:
Colder life grows each year;
Ere long the loved ones of the past
Are all who can be dear;
For there's a calmness on my brow
I never marked before,
The lip wears chill indifference now
That quivered so of yore—
A few more dreams to ruin hurled
Would fit me for my real world.

Yet, oh, my cousin, naught can break
Our childhood's dreamy spell;
For thine own, for my mother's sake,
I loved, and love thee well.
I know that years have left thee changed
In look and thought and tone;
Perchance ere now they have estranged
Love that should meet my own,
Yet all that is, all that must be
Will fail to lure my soul from thee.

And thou, sweet girl! but this is vain,
Thou canst not answer me;
'Mid falling leaves and misty rain,
I've heard winds wail o'er thee.
I'll think no more—love cannot save
The beautiful, the fond.
I've traced one to the gloomy grave—
Ah! who shall trace beyond?
What know we of the spirit's shore?
I'll think no more. I'll think no more!

Pictures of Life.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PRUDENCE GARRET:

A TALE OF THE PURITANS.

BY ALICE CARY.

There sailed from Hampton, (1630) in the good ship Talbot, whereof Captain Moses Mason was master—the same being manned with fifty seamen and thirty pieces of ordnance, the wind coming to north by west—among many others, one John Garret, together with Hopewell Garret, his wife, a woman of excellent good sense and steadfast piety, and Prudence, their daughter, a maid of ten years, having a comely face, and beneath it a proud spirit that brooked not very sweetly the severe restraint of her parents. In the rainy weather she was sure to be found dancing, after her own untaught fashion, on the vessel's deck; nor would she be induced to go below, without much pouting and ado, no matter with what violence the sleet and wind beat against her pretty red cheeks.

When the gentlewomen refreshed themselves with wine and pleasant talk, little Prudence was sure to be found in the midst, with gaping eyes and ears attentive, especially to all she should not have heard.

When the sea went very high, tossing the ship violently up and down, she would steal forth all times of night to watch the lights which hung out upon the mizzen shrouds.

One day complaint was made to the master of the ship of an injury done by one of the under officers to one Cyrus Craddock, a landsman, whereupon, after prayer, counsel was held, and the offender commanded to be tied up by the hands, and a basket of weights to be hung about his neck. When this punishment was adjudged, little Prudence, her great wayward heart swelling with compassion, fell on her knees before Captain Moses Mason, and in presence of all the councilmen, besought him for some mitigation of the severity; and when they hustled her aside, she would not hold her peace, but exclaimed, in the hearing of them all,

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!"

All the gentlewomen were terribly scandalized by this vehement outburst of charitable nature, and Goodwife Garret gave her forward child twelve stripes on the naked shoulders with a limber switch, a good store of which she had provided previous to taking ship, and, moreover, to complete her humiliation and teach her reverence and respect for superiors, he tied up the pouting mouth of the unsubdued ttle one with her own garter of strong list.

But, notwithstanding these remedial processes, the loving nature of Prudence was not pinched in one whit; and finding her way to the under officer, who was in great torment, as may be supposed, she loosed the stones out of the basket into the sea.

The fortieth day out there was high wind and rain, and toward night, lying with her helm a-weather, the ship making no way but as she drove, John Garret, who for a long while had been devoid of all strength, save what came of faith, died in the great cabin, and the day following, his body, with a most solemn service, was committed to the deep, and his spirit found rest with the God of "those who go down to the sea in ships."

"Saturday," says a chronicle of the time, "after passage of twelve weeks, about four o'clock in the morning, it was discovered that we were near our port; we shot off some pieces of ordnance, and sent out our skiff to a ship lying in the harbor, and in about an hour Mr. Allerton came aboard us in a shallop as he was sailing to Pemaquid. We stood toward the harbor, and seeing another shallop coming, stood in to meet her, and passed through the narrow strait between Baker's Isle and Little Isle, and shortly came to anchor. Mr. Levett, Captain Endicott, and others, among them an active, cheerful lad, named Christopher Grant, came aboard, and we all supped together on venison-pasty, and good strong beer."

There was great rejoicing among all the company, and Captain Endicott so far unbent as to take little Prudence on his knee, and kiss her in the name of the Lord, as he said. Hearing widow Hopewell Garret bewailing the loss of a cow, and one of two goats which had made a good part of her husband's property, young Christopher Grant approached, and modestly, but after a most comfortable sort, told her that his father had an excellent cow, of which he was willing to sell a share; and for his part, he said bravely, he would do the milking for nothing.

Little Prudence was delighted, and running up to Christopher, seized his hand, and begged that he would take her at once to his father's house, and show her the cow.

As they went ashore, the hand of Prudence was in that of Christopher, and Mrs. Hopewell Garret walked behind them with a more cheerful face than she had been seen to have since she parted company with the precious piece of clay that had once been her husband.

Nearly five years after the lonesome voyage of Mistress Hopewell and her child, there crossed the water in the Talbot, a handsome, spirited young man, named Arthur Harcourt. His family, in the Old World, were of some distinction, and in consequence of it, he held himself loftily among the New England people.

Prudence was grown to be a woman now, and Christopher had gotten a beard that he had no need to be ashamed of, and the two were excellent friends, and had seen each other nearly every day of their lives since the coming of Hopewell to the settlement. Christopher had not over-estimated his father's liberality, who had very readily sold a share of his best cow to Mistress Hopewell, and received no payment therefor but her gratitude, and the frequent sunshine of her pretty daughter's face.

Christopher had been as good as his word, and had milked the cow for the most part, always insisting that Prudence should stand by to see the milk honestly divided, a duty which she was quite willing to perform.

The cabin of Mistress Hopewell was within a stone's throw of Mr. Grant's house; and for mutual comfort and protection, the two families were in the habit of walking to the meeting-house together, and at all times when the Indians threatened danger, Christopher's musket might be seen at the head of Mistress Hopewell's pew, and Christopher himself beside his musket.

Many a time Mistress Hopewell had catechised her children together, for she called the young people her children, and in her affections one was held almost as closely as the other, for Christopher was a good young man, with a loving nature, and one withal greatly more considerate of others, gentle and confiding, than Prudence herself.

If a sack of new meal were in his father's house, a portion of it was sure to be brought to the mother of Prudence, and so it was with all other luxuries, and for all Mistress Hopewell knew full well that she was indebted to the suggestions of her young friend, though he never intimated that he had anything to do with the gifts he brought.

Many a time, as Christopher assisted Prudence to weed in the garden, he had called her his sweetheart, and she had blushed to hear it, but never frowned; and sometimes, as he carried home for her her mother's portion of milk, he had still further *playfully felt his way along her affections*, by addressing her as Mistress Grant.

The sun was going down with an angry red in his face, through clouds that seemed dragging their ragged edges along the leafless tree-tops, and the November winds were sweeping low along the ground, and gathering strength for high and stormy flight; and now and then a branch of the near-growing chestnut tree chafed against the low roof of Mistress Garret's log-house, giving additional sense to the comfortable security of her situation, as she sat in her high-backed chair, reading aloud from the Psalms, while Prudence, near the one small window, wrought her name in green letters on a sampler of a bright gold color.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands with enthusiasm; "just only look, and see what a gay cavalier is riding up the road!"

"My child," replied the good woman, in tones of solemn reproval, "is the Scripture no better than a gallant's face, which at best is as the grass of the field, that your giddy head turns from it so lightly?"

"But he is so handsome, mother, just look! and now he is turning this way; and his stirrup is of good solid silver, I do believe!"

"Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speak!" replied the mother; "prithee, my child, incline thine heart to wisdom, and remember that the devil delights in a goodly outside."

"He is dismounting, and coming, I believe, to our poor house; and oh, mother, we have only the great chair and this one stool!"

"Yes," replied Mistress Garret, with quiet severity, "we have also a rod for a fool's back," and, as she finished speaking, she resumed her reading.

By this time the young man had approached, and Prudence hastened to open the door; but seeing the reverential attitude of Mistress Hopewell, and the great Bible in her lap, he took off his cap, and bowing his graceful head, remained respectfully silent till the conclusion of the chapter—behaviour which won the kindly consideration of the mother almost as much as his fair face had previously won the admiration of the daughter. He hastened to introduce himself, and to apologize for his intrusion, while, at the same time he excused it by stating that he had lost his road, and begging to be directed the nearest way to Boston.

Now, it was almost in the suburbs of the town that Mistress Hopewell lived, nevertheless all appearance of it was completely shut out by hills and trees, so that it was quite possible Arthur Harcourt, for that was the young man's name, might be sincere in his inquiry.

That morning, he stated, he had ridden abroad in company with a small party, from which accidentally becoming separated, he had spent all the day hallooing among the hills and keeping fast, until well-nigh exhausted, he had fallen upon the road that brought him where he then was.

"A most excellent termination," he concluded, with a low bow, "to an unpromising adventure."

Mistress Hopewell hastened to vacate the great chair, and offer the hospitalities of her house, and, poor as they were, they were proffered with a simply-dignified courtesy that might have become any gentlewoman in the land.

Meantime Prudence retired to her sampler, with a more bashful demeanor than was her wont; nevertheless she was not unaware of the glittering spurs, and lace ruffles of the visitor. The sumptuous embroidery that ornamented his waistcoat of violet-colored satin was in striking contrast with the plain linsey one, of russet dye, worn by Christopher Grant, and of this she was not unaware either. The decorations he wore, in common with the men of fortune of the day, were not a little dazzling to the eyes of our high-spirited rustic, who had been seldom regaled with costume more elegant than the gray gown, silk stockings, and velvet cap of the parish clergyman.

Is it any wonder if her green stitches went wrong across her gold sampler, and if the red spots in her cheeks broadened and deepened, as she felt the sunshine of admiring eyes falling upon them?

But though his eyes rested not unfrequently on the confused maiden, the stranger addressed never a word to her directly, but kept on in genial talk with the mother, gaily bordering the generally somberly religious cast of it with the last news from the court and the fashionable chit-chat of the town.

The sun went down, the anger in his face growing darker and darker, and the log-fire began to shine across the hearth, and make fantastic figures on the wall, while Arthur Harcourt yet remained sitting in the high-backed chair, directing his attentions to the mother, but at the same time playing with the heart of the daughter as lightly as with the one nailed key that dangled from his violet waistcoat.

There was a timid knock at the door, and Prudence started and dropped her sampler, while the mother, smiling, conscious that it was Christopher at the door, cheerfully bade him come in.

The joyous expression passed away from his face when he saw the stranger in the great chair of Mistress Garret, while she was busy arranging the plate on the supper-table with an unusual display of housewifely pride.

"Sit down, Christopher, my child," she said, kindly, indicating a great pumpkin that stood on the stone hearth by the jamb.

Mr. Harcourt smiled, and turned his elegant cap in his hand, in order to divert his mind and recover a respectful semblance; but Christopher had seen the smile, and feeling that he in some way was the occasion of it, briefly declined the invitation to sit, and in his confusion let the musket he carried slip to the floor with a great noise.

"How clumsy you are!" exclaimed Prudence, petulantly, and glancing at the stranger, as though she would say, "Does the awkward rustic annoy you?"

Poor Christopher so understood the glance, and the one of cold reproval that followed it, and going close to the stool where she sat, said, in a tremulous whisper:

"I am sorry to offend you, Miss Prudy; but if you will forgive my bad manners this time, I will try to correct them."

Displeased more than ever at the pet name he had called her, and anxious to falsify the truth of their liking for one another, she replied, with a haughty toss of her head, and without so much as looking at him:

"There is no need you should ask pardon of me, Master Grant, for your awkwardness, and it argues badly for your schoolmaster that you fail to address yourself to my mother."

She stitched with great rapidity on her sampler as she spoke, and when she had finished, quite turned her back upon him.

If she had looked up and seen how the color went out of the honest tanned face of Christopher, and how his arms fell limber, as if the courage went out of him, too, the barrier of her pride must have broken down, and her old soft feeling have flowed back to him.

"Do you find it necessary to carry arms, my good youth?" patronizingly suggested the stranger, carelessly swaying his cap so that it dragged the floor.

If Christopher could have summoned up the manhood that was in him, he would have replied that caution was not cowardice, and that stouter men than he had found it necessary to go armed, when an Indian was likely to start up from every bush.

But the love that was crushed in his heart must needs come out of it if he spoke at all, and he replied, not wisely but truly, that it was not so much for his own sake that he had brought the musket as for the protection of Prudence, who sometimes went with him to bring home the cow.

"You will not go to-night, though, I am sure," he concluded, turning to Prudence.

She lifted her eyes no higher than the ruffles of Arthur Harcourt, as she made a sullen answer in the negative.

"You are forgetting that it is for the sake of the fair gentlewoman that you carry that clumsy weapon of yours," tauntingly spoke the handsome visitor; "and belike, will thank me for reminding you that her decision will relieve you of the burden."

The weapon slipped out of Christopher's hand, and leaned against the doorside almost of itself, as it seemed; for it did not appear that Christopher had any part in placing it there. One timid glance toward his scornful sweetheart, whose nature was to dare everything, even love to its extremity, and a half-inaudible farewell to Mistress Garret, who, by this time had concluded her preparations for supper, and he was gone.

"A brave-hearted youth, and an honest one—God grant that no harm befall him!" ejaculated Mistress Garret, devoutly; and having entreated the young stranger to break bread with her, she commanded the wayward Prudence to keep fast for the night, and, moreover, to go directly to her closet and put up prayers for the safety of the neighbor and friend she had so scornfully flouted, and also for a speedy visitation of humiliation and penitence to herself.

Whether the prayers so enforced were likely to be answered, we will not inquire, but certain it is that retribution began its work almost immediately.

The gusty winds went and came, and Mistress Hopewell remarked, as she sat before the darkening embers, that it seemed as if they had some sad news to tell, and were striving to shriek them out, and with every new noise they made she listened more closely, hoping it was Christopher coming with the milk; but the hours dragged, one into another, and he came not, and with a fearful foreboding, making sad unrest in her bosom, she retired, to dream of scalps and burning houses.

At the daybreak, mother and daughter were aroused by a loud knocking at the door, and having opened it, they found that Deacon Emer Grant, an old, white-haired man, and the father of Christopher, was come to inquire for his son, who had not been at home since the afternoon of the previous day.

There leaned his musket against the wall, telling that he had gone forth unarmed, and increasing the already tormenting fears of the old man. Prudence trembled and cried, and hid her face, for if harm had come to Christopher, she felt that it was herself had brought it upon him, and because no one accused her, her conscience accused her all the more. If he had carried his musket, if she had gone with him, or even if she had spoken kindly to him, he might have been well, at home, and his father's heart glad.—What would she not have given to have brought back the time of her last interview with him! but it could not be, and all she could do was to wring her hands and weep.

Mistress Hopewell tried to make comfortable suggestions, but her heart misgave her, and for all she said, she could only see the lost young man made the target of some terrible arrow.

All the neighbors, for miles round, were summoned, and the search began, first in the meadow where the cows were pastured, widening and deepening far across the hills and into the forest; but hunter after hunter came back with a sad face and despondent shake of the head. At the end of the week Christopher had not been found, nor had there been discovered any traces of him, by which hope or fear might feel its way. The Sabbath came serenely bright and cold and still, and the people gathered in the meeting house, each one looking anxiously at his neighbor, and inquiring whether the lost had been found. Almost every eye grew moist when old Deacon Grant came down the aisle alone, feeling his way with a stick, for he had been used to lean on the strong arm of his son, and the moist eyes filled and overflowed when the minister prayed that the desolate and bowed mourner might be lifted up and supported by the power of God, and that heavenly love might flow in and fill up the aching depths where human love was dry; and that if the lost young man lived, the good Shepherd might lead him, and abide with him in the silence and gloom of the wilderness; and that if he were dead, the leaves might cover him softly, and the wild beasts be led away from his grave. Then the thoughts of all the congregation were turned from its darkness to the bright morning of the resurrection that would break as gloriously in the wilderness as on the cleared land.

At the head of the pew occupied by Mrs. Hopewell Garret and her beautiful daughter, a strange gentleman was observed to sit that day, and it was remarked that his ruffles, and the blue damask lining of his satin cloak alone, had cost money enough to buy two goats for the sexton, whose wife was sickly, and had been recommended, by a great doctor from Pemaquid, to diet upon goat's milk. This stranger of elegant apparel was Arthur Harcourt, and from that day all the year thereafter his attentions to Mistress Hopewell were unremitting, though some said the silver-mounted rifle at the head of the pew, and the gold lettered psalm-book he used, were but instruments of courtship to Miss Prudence, and it was moreover hinted that he was but making pastime for himself, and would never bend his haughty pride to the calling of little Prudence Garret Mistress Harcourt.

But there was no room for wise forethought in the heart of the damsel. She knew that she was pleased and flattered by the civilities of the handsome gallant, and she would only listen to admonition in the scornful belief that it was born of envy. Her nature was all untempered to the reception of unpleasant truth, notwithstanding the experience that would have subdued many another to the deepest humility. If she had been left alone, conscience might have questioned her more sharply, but as it was, the sweet whispers of the new admirer stifled its voice, and the old memory receded more and more in the pleasant shining of the new hope.

Mistress Hopewell had kept fast upon fast, and prayed time upon time for the lost Christopher, adding supplement to prayers and fasts for Prudence, who seemed to her scarcely less lost than the young man; but no tidings came of the one, and no change of heart to the other.

It was November again, almost December, and, says the chronicle of the time, "the rivers were frozen up, and they of Charlestown could not come to the meeting at Boston till the afternoon at high water."

"Many cows and goats were forced to stay aboard (on ship-board) for the want of shelter." And further, "Arthur Harcourt, a leisurely young man of Boston, and one of the congregation there, a young maid, the daughter of Mistress Hopewell Garret, and four others, went toward Plymouth in a shallop, against much good advice, and about the Gurnett's Nose the wind overblew so much at the northwest as they were obliged to come to a hillock at twenty fathom; but their boat drave and shaked out the stone, and they were put to sea, and the boat took in much water, which did freeze so hard as they could not free her, so they gave themselves up for lost, commending themselves to God and disposing themselves to die."

"But," continues the account, "one of their number espying land, they made shift to hoist sail, and by special Providence were carried through the rocks to the shore, where some got on land; but some had their legs frozen into the ice so they were forced to be cut out."

Having come on shore, they kindled a fire, and slept on the ground together that night, and in the morning two of the company, Harcourt, who had escaped best, from the fact of being more suitably clothed than the others, and a young man named Goff, set off toward Plymouth, which they supposed to be within a few miles, but which, in fact, was more than fifty miles distant. By the way, they met with two squaws, who conducted them to their wigwams, where they were kindly received and entertained. One of the squaws, who spoke English badly, made them understand that this friendly treatment was owing to their liking for a pale-faced prisoner who had been taken a year previously by some of their hunters, and who in all gentleness and contentment remained among them.

This pale-face, we need scarcely say, was Christopher, though Harcourt did not recognize him, as he came into the wigwam in his Indian dress of skins, and bearing a haunch of venison on his shoulder. He did not make himself known to Harcourt, whom he remembered as the cause of his heavy misfortune, but, notwithstanding, gave him every attention and assistance in his power, and prevailed with his red companions to send a guide with them towards Plymouth, assuring them that they were too badly frozen to serve any good purpose if retained.

To this proposal the selfish Harcourt readily acceded, never so much as bringing one word of the party they had left, among whom was the loving Prudence. But Goff was more considerate, and contrived to find opportunity of making known to Christopher the number and situation of the sufferers left behind. That night Christopher, who had come to be trusted to sleep untrammeled, stole away from the camp, and with the haunch of venison on his shoulder, made his way towards where he supposed the sufferers to be, and about daybreak espied their lights, and to their great joy sat down in their midst. The feet of poor Prudence were so swollen, she could not stand; but it was not for this she cried and hid her face when Christopher folded her frost-bitten hands in his, and kissed them. She wept not so much for the recreancy of Harcourt, as for her own, and yet not so much for that as for the unswerving faithfulness and true love of the lost that was found.

They breakfasted together on the venison, but were prevented from setting out towards Plymouth, by the feebleness of one of the party, who near the noontide died. The ground being frozen, they could only dig a little way in the earth with their hatchets, and having laid the corpse decently in its rude grave, they covered it over with green firboughs to keep the wolves from it, and knelt on the ground in fervent supplication for the continued preservation of the rest.

By this time the Governor of Plymouth had sent men to them with provisions and the means of conveyance back to the settlement, and at sunrise the following day, they were gotten into port, and a Mr. Freeman, "a godly man of the congregation there, received them, and entertained them with sweet hospitality and devout thanksgiving."

Prudence fell ill in consequence of the exposure and frost, and lay for a long while in her bed; and when it was known to Arthur Harcourt to be the opinion of her physician, that if she recovered, it would most likely be with the loss of one leg, he almost immediately took ship for England, and shortly after married there, never so much as having looked upon the face of Prudence from the day of deserting her in the wilderness.

When the March buds began to swell, and the birds to twitter, that season when the heart of man revives as well as the heart of nature, Prudence, pale and quiet, and gentle-hearted now, sat in the old high-backed chair, before a bright, companionable fire, and on the stool at her feet, looking wistfully at the little hand he dare not touch, sat Christopher Grant, telling the story of his captivity. His search for the cow had led him into the straggling edges of the forest, where he was surprised by a party of lurking Indians, and being unarmed, suffered himself to be taken without much resistance. Having, as he said, a secret wound that was deeper than any his foes could inflict, he suffered little on account of what should become of him, and his indifference being mistaken for bravery, he was treated with greater leniency than he could have hoped, and finally became quite a favorite, especially to the women, whom he assisted a good deal in their labors. For a long while no opportunity of stealing away occurred, and when there did, he had not courage to make the effort, so sure was he of finding the heart of Prudence in the keeping of one with whom he could not in any way compare himself.

"Never name his name to me," said Prudence, "and forgive me, as I cannot myself. God deals righteously, and now that I am old enough, and wise enough to know your worth, I am made desolate by my affliction. I shall never stand up straight anymore, Christopher."

"Then I will hold you up!" he replied, seizing her hand and pressing it with tremulous eagerness.

Through the pale cheek of Prudence there ran a brighter color then for a long while it had shown, but nevertheless, (for when do young women lose all coquetry,) she made as if she did not hear what her lover said, and enforced a stronger declaration by the piously-deceitful assertion, that if there were a maiden in the land good enough for him, she would rejoice to see him joined with her in wedlock. It was so against her conscience to utter this hollow speech, that she covered her face with her hand when it was done, and the tears forced themselves through her fingers.

Is it strange if Christopher found courage to put his arm around her waist—to tell her that he was her bondman, and must always remain so till herself released him by breaking his heart!

"That will I never do, dear Christopher," she interrupted, trying, not very hard, to loosen his arm from her waist, and whispered—"You must let me go now."

"No," answered Christopher; "God willing, I will never let you go 'till death do us part.

The sun went calmly down; there was no angry red in his face now; and calmly and brightly he arose on the Sabbath following, and Prudence, with almost tearful happiness beautifying her face, limpt slowly down the aisle of the meeting-house, leaning on the arm of Christopher, and the banns were published, Deacon Emer Grant sitting almost upright the while, and a joyous murmur going through all the congregation.

PRINCE FREDERIC WILLIAM, OF PRUSSIA.

Last week we gave the portrait of the Princess Royal, and we this week give the corresponding illustration—a portrait of Prince Frederic William. The London Lady's Newspaper says:—"Every detail connected with the forthcoming alliance attracts much interest. By the people of Prussia it is looked upon as a desirable acquisition; they see in it another tie to a country whose name is powerful no less for its strength than its integrity. They boast of the virtue, uprightness, and honor of the Prince who is now the suitor, they laud the Princess Royal, and heap compliment upon all who strive to bring about the union. With the Prussians, the idea of this alliance causes quite a rage: with Britons such matters are treated in a different way. The fire of the German is lost in the cold calculations of the Englishman, who resolves most matters to a condition of £. s. d., and so soon as the proposition is put forward that the Royalty of England be further alloyed by the Royalty of Prussia, argues that as our Prince Consort brought nothing in with him, our Princess Royal should take nothing out with her. These notions may be very mundane and coarse, but upon these points we are not at present expatiating. It is sufficient for us here to state facts. Another order of the public look with anxiety to the future bearing of the union; they fear lest the low political morality of Prussia embroil us in disturbances neither necessary nor advantageous. These, however, are counterpoised by those who believe that if the Princess Royal be united to Prince Frederic William, the sympathies of the two countries will be more congenial, and the reasons for a peaceful and unanimous policy more urgent. In short, the opinions of this country are so evenly balanced, that, as a whole, England will neither be sanguine nor sorrowful."

THE BIRCH.

What yellow thing is that which rears its head
Amid the oaks, that still are green as spring?
Is it the Birch? 'tis Summer on the wing!
And unperceived are all her glories fled?
Oh thou Birch-tree! I've loved thee till this day,
But thou hast waked me from a pleasant dream:
I thought it summer still, nor marked that lay
Of thrush and blackbird, and the peacock's scream
Were heard no more, and that the fields were gay
With fruits, not flowers; yea, I did fondly deem
The withered herbage on the mountain side,
Red with the sun, was still the heather-bell;
When lo an evil hour thy leaves I spied,
And starting, heard all round sweet Summer's knell.
—*James Cockrane.*

SHOEMAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In 1597 there were complaints of the leather being badly dressed, and so not wearing well when made into shoes. The jury of Lyme, Eng., presented the shoemakers as "faulty," in not causing their leather to be well curried; upon which they were fined 12s. each. Again, the same year, 6d. each; and the following year the curriers were fined 20d. each. Cordwainers or shoemakers often used the mystery of tanners and curriers; hence the justice of amercing them for using badly-dressed leather. Tanners used to keep hides in the tan-pit a year or fifteen months; but it was a subject of complaint in 1588, that hides were then tanned in three weeks or six weeks. An Act was passed requiring tanners to keep hides nine months in the pit.—*Roberts.*

☞ THE CONFESSION OF A FOND MOTHER.—Over-indulgence, like too much sugar, only spoils what it was meant to sweeten.—*Punch.*

PRINCE ALBERT LOCKED OUT.

A foreign correspondent of the Daily Times relates this amusing anecdote in one of his letters:

"A good story, that I have never seen printed, was related by a gentleman in one of those pleasant after-dinner talks on the deck of the Asia, and if you like to print small gossip of the Queen and royal family, you shall have it. Prince Albert, it seemeth, did once get into bad habits of staying out late at night, and not coming home till morning, whereat her Majesty, his wife, grew much anxious and grieved. It was not certain that he was at the cider cellar, nor could she prove that he did not come home in proper condition, for she endeavored to get into his rooms on some such occasions, and failed most signally. By way of epizote, the story is that the reason of her failure was this: She knocked and said, 'Albert, open to your Queen.' But Albert was silent. 'Albert, your Queen is at the door.' No reply. And so she tried, morning after morning, until one day after trying that form of address several times, she suddenly bethought her to say, 'Albert, will you let Victoria in?' Whereupon the door flew open, and she rushed into his arms instanter. But his breath was unimpeachable that morning, though he had come home somewhere about the small hours. It wouldn't do, and she tried a new plan. She ordered the gates of Windsor to be closed at eleven, and no one to be admitted without calling her, and then she went to her room. All night she waited, but no husband came, and after a brief doze, and with a furious headache, she sent for the keeper of the gates, and learned that the Prince had come home at three or four, and learning her orders, had left word that he would by no means disturb her, and went his way for a jolly night of it. This occurred again the next night, and the next morning his Grace the Duke of Wellington was startled at an early hour by a visit from his Royal Highness. His Grace the Duke drove out rapidly to the Hon. Mr. Blank's, and a council was held. The question was important; 'Can the Queen lock Prince Albert out?' It bothered the dignitaries. They had no precedents, and so they decided it as any five men, or four, three, two, or one would decide it by saying, 'Of course not,' and so the gates were left open, and the Prince had his evenings to himself, as any good Dutchman that loves lager bier ought to have."

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN.—The London correspondent of the British Advertiser tells the following anecdote of the Queen: A rather remarkable picture is now being exhibited in Piccadilly, the production, I believe, of a Mr. Bartlett, curiously enough, a Quaker. It is a representation of the visit of the Queen and royal family to the wounded Crimean soldiers at the Brompton hospital. It is said that this picture was taken at a rather curious moment. The Queen was standing, with tears in her eyes, talking to a poor fellow who had got sadly shattered in battle. Prince Albert stood impassive and unmoved. The royal mistress, who is a woman, was mortified by his vacant and unfeeling look, and petulantly said to him, her voice still quivering with sympathy, "Do say something to the man, and not stand staring in that way."

THE LIZARD'S TALK.—"The Hindus believe that the lizard's 'tak, tak, tak,' is a language intelligible to the initiated; and I was assured by my servant that he knew many persons who understood it perfectly well, and derived much useful information from their knowledge. An evil-disposed and unprincipled lizard, in a house will intimate to a thief who understands its language where the master's most valuable things are stored; whereas an upright and conscientious lizard will warn the master, if he can communicate with him, of the approach of the midnight robber. The lizard is exemplary in domestic life. Of an evening, after the lamps are lighted, you will see in the verandah two parent lizards with a young one, amusing themselves on the wall, and keeping close together in all their movements. The following tale of conjugal love, which with some variations I think I have read somewhere, though I cannot recollect the place, I give as told me with infinite minuteness of detail and copiousness of language, by my servant. A party of English officers were residing in a bungalo, some few miles from Madras. Amongst their attendants they had a clever little boy well versed in the lizard tongue. One day as they were at dinner, a lizard on the wall commenced its 'tak, tak, tak,' on which the boy burst out into a great laugh. For this extraordinary liberty in presence of Englishmen, he was of course ferociously reproved, as might have been expected. Yet again the lizard spoke, and again the little boy fell a-laughing. On this one of the furious Englishmen asked the boy what the devil he meant by laughing in this manner? The boy told them that he could not help being tickled at what the lizard was saying. He was then asked what the lizard said, and he told the officers that the lizard said, 'My wife will be here to-night.' Upon this, says the narrator, the officers flew into a great passion; one of them called the poor boy 'a ——— liar;' another gave him a blow on the face, a third kicked him, and a fourth knocked him down. All this part of the relation carries the evidence of truth on the very face of it, as this is just what English officers under the circumstances would do to a poor Indian boy, in order to vindicate the national character for manliness and love of truth. But a signal proof of the boy's veracity was at hand. A few hours had only elapsed when a package of wine for the company arrived from Madras, and, immediately on its being opened, out jumped a female lizard and scrambled in great haste up the wall to her mate, who flew to meet her joyfully, exclaiming, as the wise little boy interpreted the speech, 'Here's my wife!' And now, says the narrator, when these officers observed this affecting interview, so unexpectedly brought about between this exemplary couple, they were sorry that they had cursed, beaten, kicked, and knocked down the poor boy, and began now to comfort him. One gave him a quarter rupee, another gave him a half rupee, and a third gave him a whole rupee, and then this poor boy was very happy."—*Bruce's Scenes and Sights in the East.*

A REVOLUTIONARY PARADE IN PHILADELPHIA.—"As there had been much disaffection to the cause evinced in Philadelphia, Washington, in order to encourage its friends and dishearten its enemies, marched with the whole army through the city, down Front and up Chestnut street. Great pains were taken to make the display as imposing as possible. All were charged to keep to their ranks, carry their arms well, and step in time to the music of the drums and fifes, collected in the centre of each brigade. 'Though indifferently dressed,' says a spectator, 'they held well-burnished arms, and carried them like soldiers, and looked, in short, as if they might have faced an equal number with a reasonable prospect of success.'" To give them something of a uniform appearance, they had sprigs of green in their hats. Washington rode at the head of the troops attended by his numerous staff, with the Marquis Lafayette by his side. The long column of the army, broken into divisions and brigades, the pioneers with their axes, the squadrons of horse, the extended trains of artillery, the tramp of steed, the bray of trumpet, and the spirit-stirring sound of drum and fife, all had an imposing effect on a peaceful city unused to the sight of marshalled armies. The disaffected, who had been taught to believe the American forces much less than they were in reality, were astonished as they gazed on the lengthening procession of a host which, to their unpractised eyes, appeared innumerable; while the Whigs, gaining fresh hope and animation from the sight, cheered the patriot squadrons as they passed."—*Irving.*

☞ TIME.—No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.—*Swift.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

CONTESTED ELECTION.—We announced recently that Mr. Newland, Know Nothing, had been elected Lieutenant Governor of Missouri. So the official returns say. But the Democratic candidate, Mr. Jackson, is about to contest it, on the ground that, as he alleges, mistakes were made in putting some of the votes given for him, under the column for Sims, the Benton candidate.

COL. FREMONT'S DENIAL.—The following letter from the Hon. G. W. Wright, formerly a member of Congress from California, appears in the public prints:—

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 16, 1856.

I am authorized by Col. Fremont to deny, in the most positive language, the report now in circulation, to the effect that he is a Roman Catholic.

From a long and intimate acquaintance with Col. Fremont, I will further add, that I know of my own knowledge, that he has never had any connection whatever with the Catholic Church or the Catholic religion.

THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.—The Washington National Intelligencer, in a leading editorial, has dropped the neutrality it has hitherto maintained with regard to the Presidency, and expresses the determination to support Millard Fillmore, on the base of the action of the Baltimore Whig Convention.

MOVEMENTS OF MR. BUCHANAN.—Mr. Buchanan passed through Trenton on Monday of last week, en route to Princeton, where he was the guest of Hon. John R. Thompson.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—This is the only State in the Union in which the people do not choose Electors of President and Vice President. The Charleston News states that Gov. Adams will convene the Legislature on the first Monday in November next, to choose Electors for the State, that being the day fixed by law for holding the election of Electors to elect a President and Vice President of the United States in all the States of the Union.

HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, President of Rutgers College, who was the Whig candidate for Vice President in 1844, was requested by the Fillmore men to head their State Electoral Ticket.—He declines the honor, and avows his preference for Fremont.

Senator Fish, of New York, has published a letter, declaring in favor of the election of Fremont and Dayton, and giving his reasons therefor.

LEWIS C. LEVIN INSANE.—We regret to learn that this gentleman, formerly a member of Congress from the First Congressional District, has become somewhat deranged, and that he has been removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, on the west side of the Schuylkill. It is believed that a short period of quiet will entirely restore him.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The opponents of the administration, in the 12th Congressional District, now represented by Hon. H. M. Fuller, have unanimously, in convention, nominated Mr. Ethanan Smith for Congress.

THE RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT PIERCE.—A meeting of the citizens of Concord was called on Monday, the 22d ult., to give a public reception to President Pierce on his intended visit to Concord. An exciting scene ensued—the majority of the meeting being strongly against the President on account of his official conduct in Kansas and other national affairs. Speeches condemnatory of his administration were made, and a series of resolutions passed, closing with the resolve "that the most befitting mode in which the inhabitants of Concord can receive Franklin Pierce among them is in solemn, mournful silence." The meeting having adjourned, the minority organized, and resolved to give the President a handsome reception.

The N. H. Patriot of the 25th ult. states that the President will arrive at Concord on October 2d, and calls on the Democrats throughout the State to make arrangements for properly receiving him. If both divisions of the citizens carry out their resolutions, Concord will exhibit a most interesting spectacle on that day.

The President leaves Washington on Tuesday, the 30th inst. A mounted guard will escort him from the White House to the railroad depot, where he will be received by the field, staff and company officers of the volunteer regiment of the District. The latter will accompany him as far as Baltimore, where he will be received by the entire brigade of the Maryland militia.

THE NEW YORK FILLMORE CONVENTION.—The New York Fillmore State Convention met at Rochester on the 23d ult. J. W. Barker was chosen President, and, on taking the chair, made a brief address, declaring his conviction that the State was safe for Fillmore.

The Convention nominated Erastus Brooks for Governor, and Lyman Odell for Lieutenant Governor. A. H. Prescott was nominated for Canal Commissioner.

The Convention continued in session until 3 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. The State Electoral ticket was completed. Daniel Ullman and Jesse C. Dunn being chosen as electors at large. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested, and the Convention adjourned with twelve cheers for Fillmore and Donelson.

THE SECEDING NORTH AMERICANS.—The seceders from the North American Convention (which, it will be remembered, joined the Republicans some time ago,) met at Rochester on the 23d ult. Seventy-four delegates were present. An address by C. Edwards Lester was read and adopted. In the evening resolutions were passed acceding to the proposition of the Fillmore Convention, (then in session in the same city,) for a fusion on the Fillmore ticket and reaffirming the principles of the Convention. After which the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

NEW JERSEY FILLMORE CONVENTION.—The Fillmore State Convention met at Trenton, N. J., on the 25th, Hon. Joseph F. Randolph was selected for President. The electoral ticket chosen was as follows: At large—Commodore Stockton, Peter I. Clark. First district, Joseph Porter; second, Joseph F. Randolph; third, Wm. P. Robeson; fourth, Cornelius Van Winkle; fifth, Silas Condict.

IOWA.—At a recent meeting at Galesburg, Iowa, Gov. Grimes, during his speech, read a copy of a letter he had sent to President Pierce, demanding of him to open the Missouri river, which is a national highway, to citizens of Iowa, intimating that if it was not done speedily, he, (Grimes,) would call on the State militia to march into Missouri and put an end to the outrages which Free State men were undergoing in travelling up that river.

CONVENTION OF COLORED MEN.—A State Convention of the colored citizens of New York was recently held at East Brooklyn (Williamsburg.) Between one and two hundred delegates were present. The Convention represented the colored voters of New York, who amount to about six thousand. The following was among their adopted resolutions:

Resolved, That inasmuch as the Republican party of this country will, if maintained, confine Slavery to its proper limits, and will promote the principles of Justice and Liberty; we, therefore, pledge ourselves to use our best endeavors to secure the success of the candidates nominated by that party, viz.: Fremont and Dayton, and King and Selden for Governor and Lieut. Governor.

RASHASHONAH.—The great Jewish festival of New Year begins at 6 o'clock on next Monday evening, and will continue during Monday and Tuesday. Orthodox Jews everywhere will keep it, as their forefathers have done for four thousand years, by abstaining from all business, and, with grateful hearts, feasting on such dainty that our market affords, or their means will permit.

A week after this festival they will keep the great annual fast day, when, after a hearty supper, they will entirely abstain from eating, drinking, snuffing and smoking from 6 o'clock of one day until 6 on the following evening. When this grand Penitential day, during which all confess to God their sins and shortcomings, has come to a close, eight joyful holydays are kept up. The tables in every house are loaded with good things. A cottage is built, covered with gems and adorned with the choicest and most beautiful plants and fruits and flowers.

Coming from the Synagogue, the roof of this cottage is opened and thanks are given to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, for His beneficence and His guardianship over His chosen people. A week after this the great Jewish Holiday Season is brought to a close by the observance of the day that commemorates the coming down of the Prophet Moses from Mount Sinai, with the Ten Commandments engraven on the two tables of stone. This day is celebrated by a feast, when the best and purest wines, and cakes and other dainties, are sumptuously provided.

The four grand holidays are each kept for two or three days, but with the exception of the single Penitential day, they are all seasons of gladness, rejoicing and thankfulness to God.

These holidays are not strictly observed by those designated as Reformed Jews, who change many of the ancient forms and ceremonies, and instead of conforming to the ancient land-marks, adopt their observances to modern times and notions.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE YELLOW FEVER.—A letter from New York, dated the 26th ult., says:

"The Fort Hamilton Relief Committee renew their appeal for assistance. They say there is no reason to believe that the fever will abate before a frost sets in, and the picture they draw of the suffering among the poor people in the neighborhood is sufficiently painful to touch the hearts and the pockets of the charitable. They say, unless more funds are forthcoming, the hospital will have to be abandoned.

There is something revolting in the reflection that within six miles of this wealthy city, that spends $10,000 every evening at the opera and the theatre, men and women should be lying at the point of death, in the midst of an epidemic, without the means to procure medical treatment and attendance. To-day, two new cases reported.

THE LITERARY TASTES OF NEW YORK APPRENTICES.—At No. 472 Broadway, there is kept a library of some 20,000 volumes from which apprentices may take books free; clerks and journeymen, on payment of a dollar a year; others at two dollars. Within a year books have been issued from this library to nearly 2,000 persons, and doubtless there are five times the number in the city who, if they knew it, would avail themselves of their privileges. About one quarter of the books are not allowed to go out of the library, but the apprentice can obtain access to them in a tolerably well-supplied reading-room at a penny a week. The collection of current novels is perhaps more nearly complete than any other department of the library; nearly two-thirds of all the books taken out are novels. The great favorites are Cooper, Marryatt, Scott and James; they are nearly equal in the estimation of the apprentices. Herbert is behind them. Then comes Dickens, especially his Barnaby Rudge and Oliver Twist; then Sue, Dumas, Lever and Lover. Handy Andy, Tom Burke and Charles O'Malley are as much read as the best of Scott's. Thackeray's Vanity Fair is read a good deal, Pendennis considerably, his other books but slightly. Mr. Van Norden, the Librarian, finds it difficult to persuade the boys to read Kingsley's books; when they bring them back they say they like them, but it is in a very faint voice. Fredrika Bremer has had her day with them. Revolutionary stories are exceedingly popular; Simms goes well on that account. Abbott's Napoleon is very much read; the boys like live fiction better than history. Napier and Alison get dusty on the shelves with Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Sherwood. When Mr. Van Norden took charge of the library half a dozen sets of Rollin and Hume without a single first volume, with but few second volumes, and the rest unsoiled, attested a great many broken resolutions. There is, however, a good deal of inquiry for short histories of England and Ireland. Among magazines Harper's takes the lead; Putnam's is read considerably, and the Knickerbocker is a favorite. Shakspeare is read astonishingly; nearly all the volumes of several copies are out most of the time. Scott and Byron are extensively taken; Burns some; that is about all they care for poetry.—*Tribune.*

THE INTENDED INSURRECTION IN TEXAS.—According to Texas papers, the intended slave insurrection in Colorado Co. was a very general and extensive organization. The Committee of Citizens say:—

"The committee entered upon their duties, and in a short time they were in full possession of the facts of a well organized and systematized plan for the murder of our entire white population, with the exception of the young ladies, who were to be taken captives and made the wives of the diabolical murderers of their parents and friends. The committee found in their possession a number of pistols, bowie knives, guns and ammunition. Their passwords of organization were adopted, and their motto, 'leave not a shadow behind.' Saturday, the 6th inst., was the time agreed upon for the execution of their damning designs. At a late hour at night, all were to make one simultaneous, desperate effort, with from two to ten apportioned to nearly every house in the county, to kill all the whites, save the above exceptions, plunder their homes, take their horses and arms, and fight their way on to a 'free State,' (Mexico.) Notwithstanding the intense excitement which moved every member of our community, and the desperate measures to which men are liable to be led on by such impending danger, to which we have been exposed by our indulgence and lenity to our slaves, we must say the people acted with more caution and deliberation than ever before characterized the action of any people under similar circumstances. More than two hundred negroes had violated the law, the penalty of which is death. But by unanimous consent, the law was withheld and their lives spared, with the exception of three of the ringleaders, who were on Friday, the 5th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., hung in compliance with the unanimous voice of the citizens of the county. Without exception, every Mexican in the county was implicated. They were arrested and ordered to leave the county in five days, and never again to return, under the penalty of death."

THE NORWEGIAN CLERGY.—A correspondent of the New York Independent says:—"In Norway every clergyman is an office holder, paid by the Government. Confirmation—church membership—is a condition of citizenship, fixed by law at a certain age, and after a certain degree of knowledge. That is, no one can hold a public office, or receive a license, or be entitled to the fullest protection of the Norwegian laws, without possessing a certificate that he has been religiously confirmed in a certain church or parish. To enlarge on the fatal effects of such a mingling of the religious and the political, is not necessary to the American public. Still, in Norway, much may have counterbalanced it, and of this I shall have hereafter better opportunity to judge.

"The clergymen seem very well paid throughout the country, and generally have the best farms along the road. In this town of Tromsoe, containing perhaps 3,500 inhabitants, with the universal cheapness of everything, the pastor has a salary of $2,500, and his house. The salary is made up somewhat singularly. Twenty dollars of it are from the *eider-down*, furnished by a certain island in the neighborhood. Four hundred dollars come from lands, let out to farmers in the outskirts of the village, which belong to the pastorate; the rest is paid by the parish and the State. In the fishing districts, near the Lofodens, it is the custom for each fisherman to contribute a portion of his fish, if the catch is lucky, so that, in a good season, the pastor will have $300 or $400 worth of fish added to his salary.

FRANKLIN'S SON.—The inauguration of the Franklin statue, at Boston, has been the occasion for reviving incidents connected with the life of the philosopher. His only son, William, was Governor of New Jersey at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and did what he could to prevent the Legislative Assembly of New Jersey from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress of Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did but little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favor of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed from office by the Whigs to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained about two years in East Windsor, in the house of Captain Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1813, at the age of 82. The opposition of the son to the cause the father espoused produced an estrangement between them, and in Franklin's will, speaking of his son, he says: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavored to deprive me of."

AGRICULTURAL STATE SHOWS, 1856.—

Alabama,	Montgomery,	Nov. 11—14.
Am. Pom. Society,	Rochester,	Sept. 21—23.
Am. Institute,	New York,	Oct. 14—16.
California,	San Jose,	Oct. 7—10.
Canada West,	Kingston,	Sept 23—26.
Connecticut,	New Haven,	Oct. 30—31.
Georgia,	Atlanta,	Oct. 20—23.
Illinois,	Alton,	Sept. 30—Oct. 3.
Indiana,	Indianapolis,	Sept. 30—25.
Iowa,	Muscatine,	Oct. 6—10.
Kentucky,	Paris, Bourbon Co.,	Sept. 30—Oct. 4.
Maine,	Waterville,	Oct. 28—31.
Maryland,	Baltimore,	Oct. 21—24.
Michigan,	Detroit,	Sept. 30—Oct. 3.
New Hampshire	Concord,	Oct. 8—10.
New York,	Watertown,	Sept. 30—Oct. 3.
North Carolina,	Raleigh,	Oct. 14—17.
Ohio,	Cleveland,	Sept. 23—26.
Pennsylvania,	Pittsburg,	Sept. 30—Oct. 6.
South Carolina,	Columbia,	Nov. 11—14.
Tennessee,	Nashville,	Oct. 13—16.
U. S. Ag'l Society,	Philadelphia,	Oct. 7—10
Virginia,	Richmond,	Oct. 28—Nov. 1.
Union Ag. Society of Va and N. C.,	Petersburg,	Oct. 21—24.
Wisconsin,	Milwaukie,	Oct. 6—10.

A VERY REMARKABLE THEORY.—A Mr. Mooney has been delivering a lecture on the origin of gold, concerning which he propounded the following novel theory: "I set out by declaring my belief that gold is the petrified remains of matter which was once animate; and accompanied as it generally is by ocean pebbles, quartz, crystal, and other saline and marine debris, I am of opinion that gold is the petrified fat or marrow of a peculiar fish which once floated over the gold fields when those fields were beds and bottoms of the world's great ocean." In proof of the hypothesis that gold is nothing more than the "petrified" fat of a peculiar fish, the lecturer showed specimens of quartz in which marine shells were imbedded. Mr. Mooney also alluded to the fact that iron exists in the human blood, and argued from that position that gold might be educed from the marrow of insect.—*Melbourne Argus.*

EXTRAVAGANCE IN EXPRESSION.—It has often been observed that a lady will say, with a pair of shoes—"they are a mile too large." A man who never owned an X in his life, will offer to bet $10,000 on an election. We know a young gentleman who swears that every single lady in Bastrop is the prettiest girl he ever saw, and a Bombshell politician who declares that each of the legal gentlemen belonging to his party, is the ablest lawyer in Texas. Every little whiffet who takes the stump, is the best orator they ever listened too. Well, every crow does think his own bird the whitest.

Not long since we heard a man declare that he had helped to cook a thousand Fourth of July dinners. Who doubted him? Methusalah lived a long time, but he was beaten "a few days," by our townsman; who cooked Independence dinners for a thousand years.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A WOMAN KILLED BY HER HUSBAND FOR DIPPING SNUFF.—We have heretofore recorded the circumstance of a man being arrested and imprisoned, in Madison county, Miss., on the charge of murdering his wife. He is now in jail awaiting trial. The particulars of the affair, as they have reached us, are as follows. It appears that the man had been addicted to the filthy habit of chewing tobacco, and the woman to the more detestable practice of snuff-dipping, and each not liking it in the other, they formed a mutual agreement to quit. In violation of this agreement, the husband resumed his ugly practice, and again commenced *spitting* in the presence of his wife. She seeing no reason why the doctrine of the great law giver, Daniel Webster, (as expounded in his celebrated Capon Springs speech,) that whenever one party to a compact violated its provisions, the other parties were thereby absolved—should not be applied to individual cases, had recourse to her bottle.

A dispute then arose between them as to the relative filthiness of the two habits, which waxed warmer and warmer until (as is sometimes the case with political disputants) they came to blows. The husband's wrath being fully excited, he knocked his wife down and beat her with a club, not ceased his brutal assault till the vital spark had fled. Whether he succeeded by his striking argument in convincing his wife, and compelling her to yield the point before yielding up the ghost, or in satisfying himself of the soundness of his position, we are not advised. It is to be hoped, however, that his mode of curing the vices of the softer sex will not be legalized by his acquittal. That snuff-dipping is an unclean and injurious practice is an apodictical proposition, but it had better be suffered to prevail than resort to his method of eradicating the evil. Seriously, society will sustain no great loss when he is hung.

THE NEW PROCESS of rendering crude pig iron malleable without fuel, which is claimed for Mr. Bessemer, the Scientific American says it has reasons for believing is precisely the process of J. G. Martien, of Newark, N. J., which was patented in England, in 1855. The attorney employed by Mr. Martien, the "American" says, did not describe the invention as Mr. Martien desired, and the reasons for his conduct were not then known, but it has since been discovered that he is interested in Bessemer's process. The principle claimed was the application of air, in a natural or heated state, under pressure, to fluid iron from a blast or melting furnace, and in such a manner as to penetrate and search every part thereof, not confining himself to the kind of receiver in which the operation may be performed. Mr. Martien is taken measures to secure his claims in the United States. The Charleston Mercury thinks that this discovery may go further than is now supposed, and that, from a process for decarbonising iron, it may indicate the way for reducing ores by the employment of highly compressed gases having a strong affinity for the non-metallic element in the compound. Possibly hydrogen may yet solve the question of the cheapest way of procuring aluminum.

EMBELLISHING BANK NOTES.—The following singular case is mentioned in the London (Canada) Prototype:—A young gentleman in St. Thomas has got himself into serious difficulty by defacing the notes of the Elgin County Bank. It appears that on many of the notes there is a photograph of the expressive countenance of Edward Ermatinger, Esq., the President of the Bank. This likeness the young man in question is charged with having cut out of several notes, and on others it is said he affixed a pipe to the mouth of the venerable President. These same notes were presented to the Elgin Bank, but the party presenting them was refused change, and they were accordingly brought back to the defacer of the notes, who, we believe, is a notary. The latter then went to the bank, and said he would protest the notes unless they were paid. This, we believe, on consideration, the bank officials did, but immediately afterwards had their tormentor arrested, and evidence adduced, with the intention of bringing the offence home to him. If the matter is not arranged, it will probably come up for hearing at the next assizes.

DEATH OF A TALENTED LADY.—MRS. Ellen K., the wife of W. E. Channing, Esq., the poet, died in Boston on Monday week, at the residence of Dr. Walter Channing, at the age of 36 years. The deceased was a sister of Margaret Fuller, the noted writer.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 204—Adults 75, and children 129.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
September 29, 1856.

The Produce markets generally have been characterized by more animation during the past week. Bark is quiet at the advance. The late foreign news has imparted a better feeling to Breadstuffs and Flour. Wheat and Corn were both upward tendency. The Cotton market is also better, the accounts from the South of an early frost having put up prices to-day. Coal and Iron rule about stationary, with moderate receipts and sales. Groceries are firm, with a large business doing in Sugars, at a further advance. The provision market rules dull, and the prices of Bacon and Green Meats are unsettled and lower. Fish are nearly sold, with more doing in Mackerel, at former prices. Feathers continue scarce and high. Hides and Leathers are wanted, at full rates. Naval Stores and Oils remain unchanged, with moderate transactions. Plaster is rather lower. Rice is more inquired for, and prime lots are scarce and wanted at an advance. Salt: No alteration. Seeds—Clover and Timothy are lower, with a small business only to notice, but Flaxseed continues scarce. Whiskey is bringing rather better prices. Tobacco and Wool are more active, and prices are looking up. The bulk of the Western business is over, but the near trade has been quite active during the past week, and the Third street houses are selling a great many goods. There are no material changes to notice in any of the leading articles of Cotton or Woollen manufacture, and the prices generally are well supported.

ASHES—Both kinds are scarce and firm at previous quotations, with a limited business to notice.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron offering, but buyers are holding off, and 1st No 1 is held at $35, without sales. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales are also light at $19 ton for Spanish, and $12 for Chestnut Oak. Season is about over.

BEESWAX—Buyers and sellers are apart in their views, and only a few small sales of yellow have been made at 24@25c ℔ holders generally ask more.

CANDLES—Sperm and Adamantine continue scarce and firm, with a small business doing at fully former rates. Tallow Candles remain quiet.

COAL—There is no change to notice in prices, and a fair business doing for the season, mostly for the supply of the Eastern markets. The stock is very much reduced. Allegheny Coal is dull.

The following is the anthracite coal receipts, from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, for the week and for the year, as compared with the same periods last year:

FOR THE WEEK.			
	1856.		1855.
Lehigh Canal	43,361		36,715
Schuylkill Canal	51,304		31,421
Reading Railroad	75,826		54,927
Total for week	170,491		124,023
FOR THE YEAR.			
	1856.	1855.	
Lehigh Canal	548,342	572,431	Dec. 26,089
Schuylkill Canal	818,409	816,326	Inc. 893
Reading Railroad	1,799,173	1,654,168	Dec. 147,005
Total	3,556,023	3,314,785	Dec. 242,183

COFFEE—There is a good demand for prime Rio, which is scarce and wanted, and fully former rates have been paid for the former, and 13½c ℔ lb for the latter; only about two hundred bags this week, in lots at 9½@11½c ℔ lb Rio as to quality, and 11c for Laguayra, on the usual terms. The bulk of the sales were of the former description.

COTTON—The market opened with a better feeling, but the firmness of holders has had a tendency to limit operations to some 1600 bales at 11¼@12 cts for Uplands, and 12¼@15c for Gulfs, each as to terms, since then the views of holders, on the part of holders, owing to the frost news from the South, and prices ruled fully ½c better, with more activity in the demand.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market for articles under this head remains very quiet, and without any particular change in quotations, and we have only to note sales of 25 cases Indigo 129 @ 40c ℔ lb, as to qual.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, with a small business only to notice at 55@56c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—There is little or no movement in foreign for the want of stock. A few small sales of Lemons have been made at $6 ℔ box. Green Fruit is not so plenty, and bringing rather better prices. New Cranberries are beginning to arrive, and sales are reported at $10 ℔ bbl.

FISH—There is a fair demand to supply Mackerel, and large fish are very scarce. A sale of 500 No. mixed numbers is reported on terms not public. Medium size are selling more freely at $15@15 for 1's; $8 for 2's, and $6 for 3's. Pickled Herring are worth $4@4½ ℔ bbl, and Dry Cod at $3.25@3.50 the 100 lbs.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Breadstuffs opened dull and drooping, under the news from abroad, and holders of Flour, in order to meet the views of buyers, submitted to a decline of 2c ℔ bbl. The demand, however, has been limited at the decline, and only about some 600 bbls have found buyers for export, mostly at $6.50 for standard brands, including selected lots at $6.56@6.62½ ℔ bbl; extra and extra family at $7@7.25, and fancy brands at $7.50@8 ℔ bbl, as to quality. The receipts continue light, and holders, as the close, are rather firmer in their demands, and not disposed to sell at less than at $6.75. For home consumption, the sales have been moderate, within the range of $6.56@6.75 ℔ bbl, according to quality, the latter for fancy brands. Rye Flour continues quiet but scarce, and about 250 bbls have been taken at $4.75. Corn Meal has been in good demand, and 300 bbls Penna Meal found buyers, in small lots, at $3.44@3.31½ ℔ bbl, closing at the latter rate. The inspections for the week are 14,248 bbls Flour, 835 bbls Corn Meal, and 67 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—The receipts and sales of Wheat have been moderate, but the market has ruled unsettled and drooping until within the last day or two. Sales only reach 12,000 bush at 135@136c for fair to prime reds, and 138@140c for white, including some choice lots of the latter at here more, and inferior at 130@132c ℔ bushel. The closing sales were at our highest figures. Rye has ruled nearly steady all and some 2000 bushels have been taken in lots, on arrival, at 74@75c for Southern; and are for Penna, mostly at the latter rate. Corn has been depressed and dull, and the river is closed with a better feeling and prices have an upward tendency, about 35,000 bus having found buyers at 68@69c for yellow, in store and afloat, and 70@71c for white, including inferior lots at 66@68c. Oats have met with a good demand at fully former rates, and about 30,000 bus have been taken at 46@47c for new Southern, as in quality, and 49c for old Penna. Later—Some further small sales of New York are reported at 50@51c ℔ bush.

GUANO—The demand is fair for the season, and prices are fully sustained. And although a light stock generally on hand; some 300 tons Columbian are going South to supply the demand for that section, principally to Baltimore and Alexandria.

GINSENG—There is little or no Ginseng offering or selling, and we hear of no sales to alter quotations.

HOPS—The market remains inactive, the stock being all in the hands of the manufacturers.

IRON—The trade continue to operate in request at full prices, but we have no arrivals or sales to notice this week.

HOPS—Remain dull, and a small business only to note at 35@36c for new, and 50@55c for old.

IRON—The market is steady, but without much movement to note in the way of sales, and transactions only reach some 200 tons, in lots, at $24 for Anthracite, No. 2; and No. 1 Charcoal at $30@31 ℔ ton, cash. Included in the sales are about 1200 tons Cross Co. No. 1, at our highest figures, and some low No. 2, delivered on the Susquehanna, at $22½, on time, which is now the ruling rate there. Scotch Pig sells slowly at $19@20, as to lots. In Manufactured Iron there is a steady business doing, without change in rates, and the mills continue well off for orders.

LEAD—Holders are firm in their views, but only about 400 pigs Virgin have been disposed of, at $6.40 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER—The market is kept active, but there is quite a business doing in White Pine, at $16@18 for Ordinary and Shipping Boards. Yellow Pine Boards are steady at $17@18, with but few arriving. Shingles—No change. Of Lathe cargo sales are reported at $21.25 ℔ M.

LEATHER—The market continues active and very firm, but the rest of the week's business is confined to a few small lots of Crop, mostly to go West, at stocks on the usual terms, the latter for Manufacturing.

NAVAL STORES—The transactions have been moderate, without any material change to notice. Further sales of Spirits Turpentine are reported in lots of 45@46c, cash and time. Common Rosin is quoted at $1.70@1.75 ℔ bbl. About 900 bbls No. 1 sold at from $2.25 ℔ bbl, as to quality. Tar and Pitch are unchanged.

OILS—There is a good steady demand for Sperm and Whale at former quoted rates. Lard Oil continues scarce with further sales reported at 62½@63c ℔ gal. Of Linseed sales are limited, at 60c for boiled.

PLASTER—Is dull and lower, and two or three cargoes have been disposed of at $2.75@3 ℔ ton.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement in barreled meats. Small sales of Pork are making at $20@21 for Western, and $22 for city inspected lots. Beef—City packed meats are nominal at $9@10 for Repacked, and $12@13 for Prime. Bacon rejoices off hams, and at easier prices, say 11@12 cents Hams, &c. for Shoulders and 10@10½c for Sides, the latter to go South; but these rates are not to obtainable for large lots, and buyers are holding off. Green meats are also unsettled and dull, and offered at much lower rates, without finding buyers. Lard continues scarce, with further small sales of bbls at 14@14½c, the latter for prime kegs and bbls, and for single rates. Butter—The receipts and sales continue limited, with prices about the same. Good Western is quoted at 16@18c, as to quality. Cheese sells as wanted at 9@10c ℔ lb.

RICE—The market is firmer and rather more active, at 6¼@6¾, mostly at 6½ for prime lots, which are scarce, and 6¾ higher at the close.

SEEDS—Clover and Timothy are coming in more freely, and prices have somewhat narrowed, sales and receipts ranging as follows for the former, and $3.50@4 ℔ bus for the latter; 3 quota at our lowest figure. Flaxseed is selling, on arrival, at $2,25@2.30 for dry-stiffe.

SPIRITS—There is no alteration in the market for Brandies, with about the usual business going to the way of sales. N. E. Rum is steady at 35@36c. Whiskey has been moving off freely at a further advance, say Drudge 34c, Bbls 36c, and Hhds at 36@36½, as to the condition of the packages.

SUGARS—The sales reported for this week are fair, and prices are fully 1c better, the week's sales reaching in all about 3400 hhds, mostly Cuba's and Porto Rico's, at 8½@9c for the former, and 8¾@9c for the latter, on the usual terms. Refined Sugars have also advanced, and the market closes with an upward tendency.

TALLOW—There is but little offering, and only rendered is quoted at 11½@12c. Sales of 100 casks prime is reported, to go out of the market, at 12c ℔ lb.

TEAS—There has been a good country demand to note this week, and Teas suited to the Western trade are scarce and firm.

TOBACCO—There is very little movement in the market. Leaf Tobacco continues scarce and fully 1c higher, with little doing. Manufactured is also better, with moderate transactions.

WINES—Ports are held higher, but there is not much doing in any kind.

WOOL—There has been more activity in the market this week, and about 300,000 lbs have been disposed of at very full rates, mostly within the range of 45@50c ℔ lb for common to prime fleece on the usual terms, the tendency of prices at the close being in favor. More than one-half of the above was of prime quality, to go East.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings of Beef Cattle still continue large, the receipts in all reaching about 1600 head, two of which were sold to go to New York, and nearly two head remained over unsold; the market left off dull and prices ruled about the same as last week.

The following sales are reported at the Bull's Head New Drove Yard:

78	Chester co	Heatheway & McFilan,	good
41		Robert Neely,	fair
100	Virginia,	John Todd,	"
180	"	"	"
30	Del co.,	J. Cochran,	"
111	Virginia,	N. Swartz,	"
65	"	Hostetler & Hunton,	"
18	Chester co	J. Pyle,	"
28	"	Underwood & Chandler,	good
40	Delaware,	J. Hopper,	"
41	Chester co	Hood and Mervgh,	"
65	Virginia,	Hadley and Mervgh,	fair
62	"	Cochran & Mc'all,	"
73	Chester co	Scott & Kimball,	good
28	"	Amos Kimball,	"

The sales at Strickland's Drove Yard were as follows:

140	Ohio, by Abrams & Hickman,	mod'g
20	Chester co by A. Rittenhouse,	good,
63	Ohio by B. Lazier,	common
35	Chester co Conlee & Maney,	good,
100	Ohio and Pa, different persons,	mixed,

The offerings of Cows and Calves were near 4 s, mostly at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue. The market was dull, sales ranging at $35@50 for Cows, $2 @35 for Springers, and $14@18 for dry Cows.

Only about 1100 Hogs were in at Singer's yard this week. The supply and prices closed rather better. All at market were sold at $7@8 the 100 lbs.

Of Sheep and Lambs some 8 00 were at market, sales ranging at from $2.75 to 4.50 for the former, $2.50 to 3.50 for the latter, $1.25 to 2.75, and $3 each for Stock Sheep, as to quality.

Among the sales are—

600	Penna Sheep by	R. Dodd, $2.75@3.87½
240	"	Hull & McCullough, 3.50@4.00
40	Ohio "	McCullough, 2.50@4.00
1160	" "	Serennager, 2.50@4.00
800	Penna "	Detweiler, 2.50@4.00
1600	" "	Alcorn & Co, 2.50@4.25

Recapitulation of the sales, and where from:

	Beef Cattle.
Pennsylvania,	857
Virginia,	582
Ohio,	255
Total,	1350
Cows and Calves,	60
Hogs,	1500
Sheep and Lambs,	2800

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyance the supplies came:

Beef Cattle.		Head.
From Ohio		1351
Illinois		417
Indiana		329
New York, State		271
Kentucky		191
Texas		143
New Jersey		8
Virginia		64
By the Hudson River Boats,	Beeves	449
" "	Swine	151
By the Harlem Railroad,	Beeves	145
" "	Cows and Calves	32
" "	Sheep and Lambs	2031
" "	Veal Calves	282
By the Hudson River Railroad,	Beeves	1024
" "	Swine	583
By the Erie Railroad,	Beeves	1030
" "	Swine	332
" "	Sheep and Lambs	769

PRICES—Beef Cattle, extra quality ℔ 100 lbs. $10,50@11; do. good quality, $9@10; do common, $8,50@9; do inferior, $7@7.50. Cows and Calves, extra, $55,55; do good, $45@55; do common, $35@45.

ARRIVINGS, &c.—655 Beef Cattle, 37,00@10,00; 30 Cows and Calves, $25@55; 67 Veal Calves, $4@6; 2344 Sheep and Lambs, $2@7.

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—522 Beef Cattle, $7,00@10,00; 73 Cows and Calves, $25@55; 140 Veal Calves, $4@6; 4654 Sheep and Lambs, $2@7.50.

AT O'BRIEN'S.—110 Beeves, $7,00@10,00; 150 Cows and Calves, $25@55; 68 Veal Calves, $4@6.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	2200	30	252	2170
Browning's	465	52	67	7343
Chamberlain's	271	93	144	8254
O'Brien's	141	159	76	—
Total	3.77	334	565	15,667

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is quiet. Shippers not much disposed to purchase. Sales of 600 bbls Howard street at $6.75, and 500 do Ohio at the same price, evening steady. Nothing done to City Mills; it is held at $6.75, without finding buyers. No sales since morning.

FAMILY AND EXTRA FLOUR—We quote Baltimore manufactured extra at $7; family do $8; Howard street and Ohio extra $7.25@7.75; family do $8.25@8.75, as to quality and quantity.

RYE FLOUR—A moderate demand. We quote old at $5.75@5.50, and new at $4.87½@5 ℔ bbl.

CORN MEAL—Not much doing; we quote country at $3.25@3.37½, and City do $3.75 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN AND SEEDS—WHEAT—There was a good demand, and prices advanced 2 to 3c ℔ bus. About 21,000 bus offered, and mostly sold at $1,45@1,50 for fair white; good to prime do $1,53@1,57, and choice $1,60@; red $1,40@1,45c

CORN—10,000 bus offered, and sales of white at 68@69c; yellow 70@71c; mixed 67@68c ℔ bus.

OATS—A better demand; prices upward. About 6,000 bus offered and sales at 53@57 to 57c.

RYE—Only two lots offered. No sales. We quote Maryland at 72@73c; Pennsylvania 70@72c.

SEEDS—Stock light. Small sales of Clover at $9,75@; Timothy $3,75@4 ℔ bag.

PROVISIONS—The market is quiet, but holders are firmer, and we note a slightly improved feeling. Transactions, however, are mostly in small lots to fill orders and supply the consumptive demand.

BEEF—We quote Baltimore mess nominally at $15@15,50; No 1 $13; Western No 1 $12@13, as to condition.

PORK—We note a sale of 200 bbls mess at $20, and 50 bbls do at $20.25 ℔ bbl; Prime $17,62½; Rump $16,50 ℔ bbl.

BACON—There is a slightly improved feeling, and holders are firmer. We note sales, in j

INDIAN TROUBLES.—Some Indians of the Cheyenne tribe, on the 20th August, attacked the mail between Oregon, Missouri, and Fort Kearney. For this they were pursued by Captain Stewart's company, and a detachment under Lieutenant Wheaton. On the 21d August, they came upon them in camp, charged upon and killed ten of them on the ground, captured twenty-five head of ponies, a great many lances, shields, and nearly everything they had in camp.

On the 25th August, more Cheyennes attacked a train of four wagons belonging to Mr. Babbitt, of Utah, killed two men, sent another through the leg, killed a child of Mrs. Wilson, of Philadelphia, and carried her off prisoner. The troops were again ordered out, but did not succeed in overtaking the savages. A great many of Mr. Babbitt's goods were taken, together with four mules, and his cattle scattered in every direction.

Hostilities are raging between the Sioux and Chippewas. A band of the latter recently surprised a party of the former near Lake Traverse, and massacred eight women and two men who were engaged at work in a field of corn. Shocking barbarities were committed on the Sioux women by the Chippewas. The Sioux nation was in a state of terrible excitement. A deputation had gone to Fort Ridgely to demand of the Commandant the discharge of the young men in his custody, charged with outrages committed in the Chippewa country, and also indemnity for the recent brutal murders committed by the Chippewa war party. They threaten, in case of his refusal, to wage a war of extermination against the Chippewas.

SHOCKING SUPERSTITION AND CRIME.—The Revue de Geneve publishes the following facts:

"A hideous crime has been committed at Chablais, which proves what dangerous results the ignorance of the people may produce. A mountain peasant, afflicted with rheumatism, had heard from one of his friends that human flesh would relieve his pains. Immediately he set to work to procure some, and could think of no better plan than to sacrifice his little daughter, a girl from six to seven years old. He communicated his plan to his wife, who approved of it.

"At the first attempt the child escaped from its infamous parents, and refused to enter the house again; a night time, under the plea that they wished to murder her. Some of the neighbors, who could not believe her story, soon succeeded in persuading her, and she went home.

"The next day, one of the neighbors, who was accustomed to see the little girl every morning at his house, remarked her absence, and went to her father's to see if she was there. Not seeing her, he made some inquiries, which were unsatisfactorily answered. His suspicion was soon excited, and was still further aroused by a strange odor, which came from a large pot placed on the fire. He went near it, and uncovering the pot, saw the mutilated members of the unfortunate little girl.

"Both parents are now in the prison of Thonen, awaiting their trial."

PREPARING FOR WAR.—The Norfolk (Virginia) Argus states that Gov. Wise has issued through the Adjutant General orders to the commandants throughout the State to thoroughly organize the militia, that it may be qualified "to render effective service whenever Virginia may call for it."

IMPORTANT FACTS.

We know of nothing more important to our community than the following overwhelming combination of *facts*, drawn out as they are by an unprovoked and unfounded attack. There can be no longer any doubt of the great success attending the TREATMENT BY INHALATION *properly administered* in diseases or affections of the THROAT and LUNGS. The dogmatic and illiberal opposition given in some quarters to the *treatment by Inhalation*, is, we think, effectually rebuked if not altogether silenced by this powerful vindication:

A Matter of Fact Set Right by Mr. Jones, one of the Proprietors of the Daily Times.

OFFICE DAILY TIMES,
NEW YORK, Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1856.

My attention has been called to a gross attack made in the September number of a medical periodical upon Dr Robert Hunter, of this city, in which the "cure" so happily effected in my case is discredited; although, the editor, who is guilty of such discourtesy, admitted on handing a copy of his monthly into the office of the Daily Times, that he knew nothing about my case.

Enjoying as I now do the blessing of uninterrupted health—after enduring seventeen years of suffering—I should be recreant to every sense of justice, to every feeling of gratitude, and to every consideration of good will towards those who are suffering as I have been, if I "remained silent," while the physician to whose skill and kind attention I am already indebted under heaven for so great a blessing as health, is grossly misrepresented on my own case, and while I am said to "remain silent."

For seventeen years I was the victim of Asthma in its worst form. About twelve months ago, I consulted Dr Robert Hunter, of No. 825 Broadway, who put me at once under active treatment by the inhalation of such medicines as he prescribed. A few weeks convinced me that I was in the right hands. I persevered with confidence, gradually and steadily improving under the treatment, until six months had elapsed, when I found myself completely relieved. I have been since, and am now, in the enjoyment of good health, gaining flesh and feeling well, although my old medical advisers would never hold out to me the least hope of such happy results under their treatment.

I offered some months since to make a public statement of my case, believing it due to Dr. Hunter and the practice he advocates, but he declined for the reason that he considered his practice sufficiently well established on its general results without the publication of isolated cases. I have reason to know, therefore, that my case, although editorially alluded to in the columns of a city daily paper in answer to a former attack upon Dr. Hunter by this same medical editor, was never published by Dr. Hunter himself.

This statement has been called forth only by the unjustifiable misrepresentation of facts to which I have alluded, and I shall merely add that my previous suffering and present good health are known to hundreds—many of whom daily congratulate me on the evident and great improvement in my health.

GEORGE JONES.

A Plain Statement of Facts.

25 and 27 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK, September 8, 1856.

I have just read an attack made by Dr. D. M. Reese in his monthly publication, upon Dr. Robert Hunter, of this city, endeavoring, in the most unscrupulous manner, and by the most paltry quibble, to injure Dr. Hunter through me; although Dr. Reese knows that I attribute to Dr. Hunter's treatment of my case by inhalation, and to no other cause, the saving of my life and the uninterrupted good health I have enjoyed for more than two years.

I was formerly one of the firm of Hall, Clayton & Co., of the Commercial Advertiser Job Printing Office. My brother, G. Clayton, was also, and is yet of the same firm, besides being one of the editors of the Commercial Advertiser. All this Dr. Reese knows well.

Dr. Hunter never asked me to publish a statement of my case, although had he done so at any time within two years, as since I felt that my health was permanently re-established, I should most cheerfully have complied. My case was editorially alluded to, however, in the columns of the Commercial Advertiser, because well known in that office. It was also mentioned editorially in the Daily Express of June 18, in vindication, from a former attack made by Dr. Reese, (at least my case was the one alluded to.) The Express quoted, as patients successfully treated by Dr. Hunter, Messrs. Clayton, of the Commercial Advertiser; Jones, one of the proprietors of the Daily Times; Bennett, (editor & proprietor) of the Herald, and others, &c."

Now although Dr. Reese knew that I was formerly of the firm of the Commercial Advertiser Job Printing Office, he wilfully distorts the sentence, making it apply to my brother, and so that quibble saves Dr. Hunter's veracity in the grossest manner. Asserting that my brother has been his (Dr. Reese's) "patient for many years," and that he was "never visited by Hunter at all." And yet Dr. Reese knew that *I* (not he) had been his patient until I found no benefit resulting from his treatment, and that, when hope had pretty well left me, I consulted Dr. Hunter, of 825 Broadway, and was cured by his treatment.

The latter part of 1853 I was attacked with pleurisy, so called by Dr. Reese, who attended me, and advised me to go South. I went to Charleston, South Carolina—remained a month—found no benefit—returned to New York, and still continued sinking, losing flesh and appetite, and daily growing more helpless and hopeless. My expectoration was very bad, streaked with blood—my cough racking, night sweats profuse. In fact I had all the worst symptoms of diseased lungs. And so little benefit had I ever derived from the practice then pursued that I gave up all hope of living, and all use of medicines, sold out my interest in the printing office, and dismissed for my death, from which I thought no earthly means could then save me.

Such was my condition when I was told of the success of Dr. Robert Hunter, and advised to consult him without delay. I did so. He examined me—told me my case was a serious one—gave me no promise more than to do his best for me, and put me at once under active treatment by inhalation. This was in February, 1854. A few days satisfied me that the medicines I inhaled were acting favorably and directly on my disease. The worst symptoms diminished. My courage increased. My improvement went on steadily, and I persevered for months. In May following I was able to resume office duties; and from that time to this I have not been ill a single day—am less liable to colds than formerly, and am in better health, and weigh more than I have done for ten years. Are these not FACTS for which to be grateful? Moreover, Dr. Hunter's kindness and attention to me during that trying time can never be forgotten.

Now all these facts Dr. Reese knows as well as I do. I expose it. For I have conversed with him more than once on the subject, and always saw it seemed to annoy him. How, then, can he ignore my case in his late attempt to injure Dr. Hunter? My case is well known, but is only thus brought before the public to repel an unprovoked attack on the veracity and reputation of a professional gentleman of the highest merits. I deeply regret the occasion, but I am happy to have it in my power to give this statement of facts without further comment.

JAS. H. CLAYTON.

This remarkable vindication of Dr. Hunter's veracity, skill and success is further enhanced by the following extract from the New York Commercial Advertiser, of the 9th inst.:—

"The errors he (Dr. Reese) has committed in his notice of these remarkable cases by Dr. Hunter are conclusively refuted, so far as Messrs. Jones and Clayton are concerned. And it is well known that the proprietor of the Herald, & other patient whose case has been mentioned, has repeatedly vouched, in the editorial columns of his journal, to the efficacy of Dr. Hunter's treatment by inhalation. Our sand of the Medical Gazette is truly unfortunate in his mode of controversy. The vindication of Dr Hunter's ancestral practice—even where certain other physicians have made—is complete."

We have taken the above conclusive testimony from the editorial columns of the New York Journal of Commerce, of the 9th. And, as many of our readers residing in the vicinity of Philadelphia may desire to avail themselves of this treatment, we would add that Frederick Morson, M. D. M. R. C. S. E. has long been and still is an associate of Dr. R. Hunter of New York,) can always be consulted, personally or by letter, at 302 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. 1t

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me unexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single Fit; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen, G. B. Brown,
Geo. S. Sanders, O. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones, Thomas Woods,
J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. 4sp21-tf

NOVEL EXPERIMENT.—Granville Stokes, the proprietor of the magnificent clothing establishment at No. 209 Chestnut street, has a beautiful contrivance by which to ascertain the specific gravity, tenacity, tension, transverse strain, compressibility and other properties of the elegant textures from which the clothing sold at the store are manufactured. By a series of experiments it is thus proven to those who purchase their garments there—that they are lighter, more graceful, will bear more strain, hang together longer, and, in fact, are altogether superior to those sold at any other establishment.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No 181 William street, New York, for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for Agents. sep13-tf

RIP VAN WINKLE WOKE UP.—We see in the community unmistakeable signs that certain parties have at last awoke from their prolonged nap; by the way, speaking of naps, that which even Rip Van Winkle himself indulged in, is not more famous than the glossy texture of the garments sold at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 203 and 207 Chestnut street.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—In every town and village, for any number of young men, to sell Valuable Books, and to canvass for our Popular and Scientific Journals. *All who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss.* Profits very liberal. Please address, FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 BROADWAY, New York. sep27-4t

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 50 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jn7-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner Fifth and Chestnut. sep20-tf

TO MANY OF OUR READERS it must be a great relief to know that Pulmonary Consumption can be permanently cured in many cases by the Wild Cherry preparation of Dr. Wister—that such cures have been effected is beyond a doubt.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Erie, Pa. on the 16th of the ninth month, 1856, JACOB PAXSON, of Abington, Montgomery county, Pa. to MARIA T. PAXSON, of Salem, Ohio.

On the 9th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. THOMAS MILLER, to Miss ANNIE LAFFERTY, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke Lowden, Mr. SAMUEL WOODS, to Miss MARTHA C. MORRISON, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Charles F. Steinman, Mr. JACOB HESS, of Cecil county, Md. to Miss ELIZA J. TOWAY, of Delaware.

In this city, on the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Street, Mr. SIMON SHOBARD, of Philadelphia, to Miss ANNA M. MILNE, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. James T. Ward, Mr. RICHARD SUTTENBURY, to Miss SARAH V. HAMILTON, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. ANDREW LUPERTY, to Miss MARGARET PATTON, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JAMES H. CUNNINGHAM, to Miss CATHARINE JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm H. Elliott, Mr. JOHN F. REYNOLDS, to Miss SARAH E. KNIGHT, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. ELIJAH COLEMAN, of this city, to Miss JENNIE E. ROBINSON, of Wilmington, Del.

In New York, by the Rev. O. A. Sawyer, on the 31st ultimo, HENRY COY, to SARAH C. BOGUE, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. E. M. Jones, Mr. CHARLES H. A. DUPUOY, to Miss EDNA A. GIBSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas S. Malcolm, Mr. RICHARD SWETNAM, Jr. to Miss ELLEN A. WALLACE, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. JAMES W. HOCOBTON, to Miss EMMA WORTHINGTON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas J. Shepherd, Mr. WILLIAM R. BAKER, to Miss EMMA L. daughter of O. P. Cornman, Esq. both of Philadelphia.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. WILLIAM NEILL, to Miss LIZZIE DUNCAN, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. HENRY C. CORNER, to Miss RACHEL E. HOGLE.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. M. A. Clarke, Mr. JOHN S. COOPER, to Miss ELIZABETH HORNOCK, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. ANDREW J. MILLER, to Miss CATHARINE W. daughter of Wm. Cuthbert, Esq. both of this city.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. William C. Johnstone, Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, to Miss R. M. WALLACE, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE W. HARRIS, of Baltimore, to Miss LUCY A. HALL, of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, Mr. JOHN H. GRAHAM, to HENRIETTA, daughter of Henry Warner, Esq. both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN HOPEWELL, to Miss CORNELIA BURTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Daniel Copple, aged 46 years.

On the 24th ultimo, AQUILLA B. WILSON, aged 43 years.

On the 24th ultimo, LEAH BOON, aged 16 years.

On the 23d ultimo, ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, daughter of Mott and Anna Wiggins, aged 3 years.

On the 14th ultimo, HELEN DE WITT, daughter of Wm. R. and Susan C Smith, aged 17 years.

On the 25d ultimo, Mrs. MARY LEBKER, aged 57 years.

On the 25d ultimo, EUPHEMIE MOORE, aged 31 years.

On the 24d ultimo, SARAH E. ARMOND.

On the 23d ultimo, KENNY ANN, wife of Thos. C. Bradfield, aged 41 years.

On the 23d ultimo, JOHN O'BRIEN, aged 32 years.

On the 24th ultimo, JOHN N. LUKE, aged 13 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Capt. JOHN SMITH, aged 47 years.

On the 23d ultimo, EUGENE WIEDNER, son of Theodore W. and Elizabeth Smith, aged 3 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET CANN, aged 46 years.

On the 23d ultimo, alice, daughter of Daniel and Maria Murphy, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 21st ultimo, CLARA VIRGINIA, daughter of Jas. and Emma M Irvine, aged 4 years.

On the 22d ultimo, at Cooper's Hill, Camden, N. J. SARAH ANN, wife of Jas. Middleton, aged 45 years.

On the 23d ultimo, THOMAS A. PARKER, aged 9 years and 2 months.

On the 23d ultimo, HANNAH, daughter of James and Mary Hazlitt, aged 7 years and 4 months.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE WOODWARD, daughter of Philip and Sarah Gulley, aged 73 years.

On the 21st ultimo, ELIZABETH, daughter of Sellers and Jessie Hoffman.

On the 22d ultimo, JAMES MCGUIGGAN, aged 70 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mr GEORGE WACKERLEY, aged 50.

On the 19th ultimo, MARIA LOUISA, wife of Jacob Albright, Jr. aged 35 years.

On the 20th ultimo, THOMAS RAFFERTY, aged 20 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARY CAMPBELL, aged 72 years.

On the 20th ultimo, MARY N. wife of J. Towers Ogle, aged 41 years.

On the 20th ultimo, WINFIELD W. MCCLEES, aged 5 years.

On the 21st ultimo, MARY M CLEMENTS, aged 7 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARY TCLLY, aged 70 years.

On the 21st ultimo, MARY HOGAN, aged 14 years.

On the 21st ultimo, JOSEPH MCCARLEY, aged 7 years.

On the 21st ultimo, EMMA J. FITZPAT, aged 6 years.

On the 20th ultimo, JAMES ROGERS, son of Jas. M. and Martha Preston, aged 22 months.

On the 20th ultimo WILLIAM H. BAKER, aged 9 years.

On the 20th ultimo, DENNIS FINN, aged 30 years.

On the 20th ultimo, JAMES LYNCH, aged 41 years.

On the 20th ultimo, MARY A. WETHERILL.

On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. MARY MCILVAIN, aged 75 years.

On the 18th ultimo, JOHN H. SPYERT, aged 56 years.

At Bridgeton, N. J. on the 18th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH GIBBONEY, aged 55 years and 2 months.

On the 22d ultimo, THOMAS, son of Wm. and Elizabeth Hunter, aged 2 years and 2 months.

Sent by first mail to any post Office.

"MINNESOTA AS IT IS," IN 1856.—By J. W. BOND. 1 vol., 12mo, with Map. Price $1,25.

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TERMS.—Where the patient is present $5; if with written Diagnosis and Medicine $3. By lock of hair from a distance $5—in all cases, except of pecuniary inability, when a difference will be made. oct4-1t

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Sixth session commences Oct. 14. Fees—Matriculation $5. Professors' Tickets $18. Graduation Fee $15. For further information apply to JOHN FONDEY, M. D., Dean, Philada., No. 5 Union square.

WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A SALARY OF $100 PER MONTH! A capital of $5 only required. Full particulars given, free, to all who enclose a postage stamp, or a three cent piece, and address
oct4-3m A. B. MARTIN, Plainfield, N. H.

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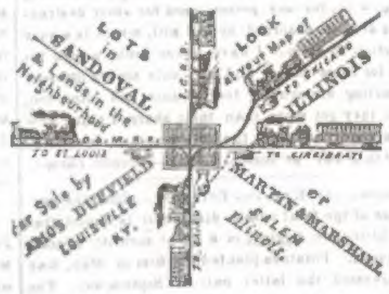

IS SITUATED AT THE CROSSING of the Illinois Central and Ohio and Mississippi Railroads; and the Chicago Branch of the Illinois Central Railroad comes in close by, and the cars are now making their daily trips East and West, North and South. Salem is but a few miles distant, where any information wanted can be had of
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"HIRE A CLERK."

A tall, rough-shod, sharp-visaged, good-natured looking individual arrived in our city about a week ago, fresh from the "mountains," and put up at what might be called one of our third-rate houses. The rules were like those at most other establishments of the kind, boarders being taken by the day, week, or meal. Jim Polter (we take the name from the register,) had "gone in" by the week, with the understanding with the landlord that he was to be credited for what he called "lost time," at the usual rate. There was nothing very unusual in this arrangement, though it did not turn out altogether to the landlord's satisfaction.

At the end of the second day, it occured to Jim that he had not seen Sacramento for upwards of a year, and, as a thought with him was almost a deed, he, without saying a word to the landlord, disappeared. He spent the remainder of the week at Sacramento, and reached his boarding-house here just in time to find the proprietor calculating that Mr. Jim Polter was indebted *for one week's board*. It didn't take Jim long to prove that he had been out of town four days, and the bill against him was cut down accordingly.

"*See yere*, old feller," broke out Jim, as the bill was being altered, "ef it's all one to yeou, I'll take a squint at them 'ar books."

"There's your account, sir," said the landlord, pretending not to notice Jim's last remark. "Two day's board—$2 62½.

Jim took his bill, and eyeing the puzzled landlord as though he suspected some "shenanigan," he broke out—

"I want to see them 'ar books!"

The landlord told him he was asking too much—that no outsider was permitted to examine his books.

Jim was satisfied now that all was not exactly right, and resolved to see the end of it.

"Give me pen, ink and paper," said he. "I want to show you how to keep books."

He took the pen, and, after having added up various small sums, made out and handed to the amazed landlord the following account:

Jim Polter to Landlord—Better two days board	$2 62½
Landlord to Jim Polter—Better 4 days lost time	$1 00

"That she is!" said Jim, as he passed the slip of paper across the counter. "'Cordin' to your way of keepin' books, a fellow ain't 'lowed nothin' for lost time."

The landlord said nothing, but gazed with astonishment.

"You see," continued Jim, anxious to establish the correctness of his bill, "I tuck board by the week, you know."

"Y-e-s," muttered the half-choked landlord.

"And the bargain was that you was to credit me for lost time at the usual rate, you know."

"Y e-s."

"Well, I boarded with you two days, you know."

"Y-e-s."

"I didn't board with you four days—you see."

"Y-e-s."

"And you owe me *for* that."

The landlord took a long breath, brushed the perspiration from his face, and casting his eyes vacantly about the ceiling, slowly ejaculated,

"Oh, y-e-s."

"Now I ain't going to be hard on you," said Jim; "you feed very well—and as I'm goin' up country to-morrow, we'll spend that little balance for champagne to-night. But I'll tell you one thing, landlord," he added, after a pause, "you would make money if you would hire a clerk!"

We are inclined to think it would have taken a number of clerks to make Jim believe that the landlord did not owe him for four days' board.—*Marysville (Cal.) Herald.*

A CIGAR.—Dr. M———, as skillful a physician as New York can boast of, tells us the following story—which the medicine man vouches for, and which we feel safe therefore as endorsing for a fact.

Two or three years ago, a Spaniard from Cuba came to this city to be treated for a disease of the lungs. He came to Dr. M———, described his symptoms, and put himself in the Doctor's hands.

"Well," said the Doctor, "if I undertake your cure, I shall be obliged to impose one condition—and that is rather a hard one for you to comply with."

"What is it?" said the Cuban.

"That you entirely cease smoking until I give you permission to resume."

"Never! I'd rather let the thing kill me. What pleasure is there in life if one cannot smoke?"

The Doctor was a smoker himself, and felt some sympathy. So he said:

"Well, perhaps that is beyond your power. But you must solemnly promise me to smoke but one cigar per day, or I will not undertake your case."

The Cuban promised; it was his only chance. Four or five days afterwards the Doctor thought he would call upon him as he passed his house, and thus save him a walk to the office for the day. He walked up stairs—knocked—"Come in"—behold the Cuban with a cigar about eighteen inches long and a proportionate thickness! He confessed that he had that brand made to order for him—but, said he:

"Doctor, I smoke but one a day, as I promised."

A HAPPY LAND.—Miss Jane, a young lady who has been lecturing on electro biology in different parts of the country, turned a countryman into an M. P. a few nights ago, at Perryhill, when Hodge delivered the following address while in the trance: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been called upon to stand as a member of Parliament, and I think properly so. My opinion is there should be no turnpike gates. Working men should have 6s. a day, and every one of you should keep hens. (Roars of laughter.) Every working man shall have a quart of ale for dinner every day, and a bottle of wine on Sunday. (Loud cheers.) I will undertake to pave the road with pancakes and the gutters shall run with milk and sugar. (Renewed laughter.) Every man shall keep a cow, and shall have plenty of milk, which is much better than adulterated, heavily taxed tea and coffee. I'll put the taxes down. Cigars instead of being 3d. each, shall be six for a penny, and every man shall grind his own barley." This strain of eloquence was abruptly brought to a close by Miss Jane touching her subject on his mouth with her finger, who thereupon burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which the audience bore him company.—*Sunderland (Eng.) Herald.*

A GOOD JUDGE OF A SERMON.—Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety five years of age, being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about half an hour too long"—*Moon's Diary.*

☞ The famous Mr. Amner, going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a one pair of stairs window, and cried, "There goes Mr. Amner, that makes so many bulls." He hearing them, looked up, saying, "You rascals, I know you well enough, but if I had you here, I'd kick you down stairs."

HE SAID IT.—Larkin Moore was a half-crazy, wandering, lazy fellow, who used to amuse the people in and about Newburyport, with his eccentricities and his music; for Larkin had a host of old songs, hymns, and snatches of melody, which he rendered, in a plaintive voice, to familiar airs, and entertained crowds that would gather around him. Many of these songs needed only to be clothed in better words, and they would take their place among the verses that men will not let willingly die. For example, one of Larkin's songs caught the ear of a true poet, who dressed it up, and it now commences:

"A pilgrim climb'd the mountain height,
Assailed by storm and snow!"

Larkin went to church one Sunday while in Taunton, and Parson Whitney was exercising his gifts, which were few and small. His sermons were noted for their great length and very little depth—for their want of thought and the preacher's want of energy; so that oftentimes it seemed as if he would come to the end, if he had but spirit enough to bring himself to a standstill. Larkin walked up the aisle and took his seat about midway of the church. He listened longer than could have been expected of such a restless mind as his, while firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and so on to seventhly, were severally announced and expatiated on; and then exclaimed the minister, "*And what shall I say more?*"

"For mercy's sake," cried out Larkin, "say *Amen!*"

"Put that man out!" said Mr. Whitney; but he was so put out himself, that he did not resume his discourse.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Among the anecdotes told of Peter Burrowes, the Irish barrister, is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind:—A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving, with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was—

"To look in the glass."

"Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there!"

"Bless me!" Burrowes observed, "I did not notice that before." Ringing the bell, he called his servant, and asked him "what had become of his looking-glass?"

"Oh! sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed *six weeks ago*."

WITTY.—Clergymen frequently administer personal rebukes from the pulpit. The best we can remember was that of an Irish curate, whose Christian name was Joseph. He had been promised a living by a member of the great Butler family, previous to his coming to the title and the estates. The promise was not redeemed; and, on the first opportunity the curate had of preaching before the powerful nobleman, he selected for his text the conclusion of the fortieth chapter of Genesis—"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him." The Irish Joseph speedily obtained the gift of a very valuable living.—*English Paper.*

☞ A young ensign, residing in lodgings, the rooms of which were very small, was visited by a fashionable friend, who had no sooner entered than he exclaimed, "Heaven defend me, Charles! where do you find space to breathe in here? why, there's hardly room for a cock to crow in! How long have you lived in this nut shell?" "Not long enough to become a *kernel*," replied the other.

☞ A Frenchman being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied Monsieur, "suppose you take one vice, put your finger in, you turn the screw till you can bear him no longer—*dat is de rheumatism*; den 'spose you give him one turn more—*dat is de gout.*"

THE FUN OF THE PALANQUIN BEARERS.—The song of the bearers, as is the usage in Madras, never ceases while the palanquin is in motion. From the moment of lifting till it is put down, you have the constant "ho, ho, ho; hee, hee, hee; ha, ha, ha; hub, hub, hub;" interminglied occasionally with something spoken by one bearer to the others, probably about their business. In some other parts of India, I understand that there are bearers who carry their burden in silence, and that this practice is agreeable to the sullenness of their English employers. The assistance of their monotonous song is, however, invariably insisted on by the bearers in Madras, as one of the conditions on which they undertake to be able to fulfill their engagement within the time stipulated. I have read that some of the bearers intersperse their songs with criticisms on the character of their burden. The following specimens of these remarks are given in a Madras magazine. The bearers in this case are carrying a great weighty man:—

Oh, what a heavy bag,	Ho, ho!
Sure it is an elephant,	Ho, ho!
He is an ample weight,	Ho, ho!
Let's let his palkee down,	Ho, ho!
Let's set him in the mud,	Ho, ho!
Let's leave him to his fate,	Ho, ho!
No, but he'll be angry, then,	Ho, ho!
Ay, and he'll beat us then,	Ho, ho!
Then let us hasten on,	Ho, ho!
Jump along, jump along.	Ho, ho!

The following are their favorable notices of a lady of light weight:—

She is not heavy, Butherum!	(take care.)
Carry her softly, Butherum!	
Nice little lady, Butherum!	
Here's a bridge, Butherum!	
Carry her carefully, Butherum!	
Carry her gently, Butherum!	
Sing along cheerily, Butherum!	
	Butherum!

—*Bruce's "Scenes and Sights in the East."*

WOMEN OF NAPLES.—You have heard of the bright-eyes and raven tresses, and mumic-like language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here—that is to say, among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and the American Indians is, that the latter are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the "soft bastard Latin" they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favorable—nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women are dirty, slipshod slatterns. Talk about "bright-eyed Italian maids!" Among our lower-classes there are five beauties to one good looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect a beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. But it is otherwise as to form. In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller—they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and, *per necessita*, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation, if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire, only by the longest, painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of the milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing-objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they would practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.—*Headley's Letters from Italy.*

IMPROVED POTATO DIGGER.

The improvement herewith illustrated is the invention of Mr. T. Baker, of Stillwater, N. Y., for which he has applied for a patent. It consists of a cast-iron frame, mounted upon two wheels, on whose shafts A, are two driving gear wheels, B, meshing into pinions, C, on shaft D. Shaft D is armed with curved fingers or teeth, E, which project up between the separating bars, F. In front of these bars (see fig. 2,) is a scoop-shaped mold-board or share, G, which lifts the earth and potatoes, and by the advance of the machine they are pushed back to the base of bars F, where the fingers, E, work through. By these fingers the potatoes are carried over the rounding curve of the separator bars, F, and dropped behind the machine, upon the ground or into any receptacle that may be attached to receive them. The earth is sifted through the bars F, leaving a smooth and even surface wherever the machine passes.

The chief features of novelty consist in the curved grate bars, F, by which a hollow is formed at their junction with the mold-board, G, for receiving the hill of earth and potatoes. Second, the earth is discharged through instead of over the separator bars, F, the raised or rounding parts of which prevent the earth from passing freely over, but allowing the potato to be carried over by the fingers, the earth and potatoes being agitated in their passage from the fore to the after part of the machine. The depth to which the mold-board cuts is regulated by levers, H, at the back of the machine.

The two wheels on which the machine runs pass between the hills. The curve of the bars, F, being eccentric to the axis of the cylinder, clears the fingers of all vines or roots.

A recent trial of this machine, it is stated, proved it to be perfectly adapted to the work for which it is intended. All the driver has to do is to ride on the machine and guide his team.

The apparatus is simple, strong, and durable, the whole being made of iron except the pole. It weighs only about three hundred pounds. The machine readily recommends itself by its neat proportions and philosophical principles. It is adapted to save a large amount of labor, converting what has heretofore been a tiresome drudgery into a pleasant recreation. Address the inventor for further information.

Agricultural.

ON THE DURATION OF THE VARIETIES OF THE PEAR TREE.

Some authorities maintain that the varieties of fruit-trees have only a limited period of existence, dating from the time the seedling first comes into bearing, and that after this period has elapsed they degenerate, and ultimately disappear. An average duration of from 150 to 250 years is even assigned to a variety. This idea is doubtless an error; for before it can be admitted to be correct it must be supported by sufficient proofs, and these proofs are wanting. On the other hand, there are many facts which support a contrary opinion.

When the supposition first took its rise, what were the varieties of fruit trees which existed in our gardens? In general they were natives of much warmer climates than ours, or varieties equally tender with those obtained in our own latitudes. These varieties could only succeed in a good aspect, when trained in certain ways, or against a wall. Were grown as Quenouilles, or as Pyramids, in not very favorable situations, such varieties as the Bezi de Chaumontel, Saint Germain, Virgouleuse, Doyenne Blanc, Bergamotte de Paques, and Bergamotte ancienne, &c., were no longer so healthy as trees grown on walls in good situations, and ceased to produce fruit at all comparable in size, form, and quality to that obtained in favorable years from trees grown in that manner. The vigor of these trees no longer answering to the descriptions made in other latitudes, and their fruits not possessing the forms and qualities ascribed to them, was it therefore to be concluded that the varieties were degenerating? These old varieties, when properly propagated, and when planted in a suitable soil and situation, have preserved up to the present time the same degree of vigor and the same state of health which they enjoyed of old, and produce fruit of the same form and quality as they did at the time of their first coming into cultivation. If all these varieties are no longer to be met with in gardens, is their disappearance to be attributed to their becoming extinct through age? We should be more inclined to believe that they have ceased to be propagated because they required a particular mode of management, and peculiarly favorable situations, which could not be afforded to them by every one. It will be the same with some varieties of modern origin as soon as they shall have been eclipsed by others in respect to their hardiness, productiveness, as well as in the beauty and quality of their fruit.

At the end of the last century our orchards were, as they are now, planted with Pear trees, the produce of which was intended for market. Many summer, autumn, and winter sorts were to be found, but very few trees bearing good long-keeping fruits for the dessert. If these comparatively worthless varieties are no longer propagated, but are allowed to become extinct, their disappearance cannot be attributed to the age of the variety.

Sometimes in going through these orchards we cut strong shoots from the upper part of very old trees, supposed to be seedlings, and yielding fruit which was esteemed by their possessors. These scions, worked upon strong and healthy stocks, are as vigorous at the present day as the trees from which they were taken. If in 50 or 100 years another person take scions from the trees which I have grafted, and work them under the same favorable conditions, and so on, there will be no reason why these varieties should not remain in cultivation until replaced by others, better in every respect. But this replacement will be the effect of the will and understanding of man, and not of the variety becoming exhausted and incapable of reproducing itself by the graft. It is known for certain that the existence of every individual tree is limited by its own constitution and other causes. It has also been demonstrated that every variety of fruit-tree when propagated at the proper time and planted in a suitable soil and situation retains all its properties for an unlimited period.

It should be well ascertained in what manner, and on what kind of stocks, each of the species and varieties should be propogated; in what soil and in what aspect it succeeds the best; and in what way it should be trained, whether against a wall or as a pyramid.

When a fruit-tree appears to be in a declining state, or produces bad fruit for two or three consecutive years, the able cultivator does not seek for the cause in the age of the variety, but in the constitution of the individual tree, and that of the stock which influences it more or less favorably, in the soil, in the subsoil, in the situation where the tree is planted, and in the form in which it is trained. Further, he will observe whether the fibrous roots and spongioles have or have not been destroyed by the spade of the gardener who is ignorant of the elementary principles of fruit-tree culture.

In conclusion, the question as to the duration of a variety of fruit-tree possesses but little interest. The only point which engages the attention of the amateur is to know with certainty what are the varieties which he can successfully cultivate in the garden and in the orchard. After all that has been written on pomology, it will in fact be the most complete monographs of the culture of select varieties that will henceforth be possessed of the greatest interest.—*London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

PROTECTION OF SEED CORN.—A knowing one says: Fearing that some farmers may lose their seed, by soaking, tarring, plastering or otherwise injuring their seed, I will offer some of my experience.

After trying experiments of every description that I could read or think of, in preparing seed to forward the growth, prevent the destruction, or increase the quantity of corn, for eight years, in which I have cultivated from twenty to fifty acres of corn per year—I have come to the conclusion that the most sure way to have the seed "*come up*," and do well, is first to manure and prepare the ground well—plant good seed, clean as it came from the cob.—This never fails with me; all variations from this have failed under different circumstances.

To Prevent the Seed from being Destroyed by Hens.—The pig, with a full belly, will never root around; the hen, with a full crop, will never scratch the ground. Therefore, when my hens are disposed to *scratch*, I call them up to the barn and give them as much corn as they will eat, for which they always sing to me a merry tune, and lay a whole hat full of eggs.

To Prevent Crows from Pulling Corn.—I scatter corn in the field broadcast, which they feed upon and leave the seed. If I have too much company by my liberality, I soak the corn in strychnia and hot water. Last spring, after scattering half a bushel of corn soaked in this way, I picked up forty-two dead crows, and how many more went off feeling "kind o' sick," I am not able to state.

Wire and grub worms are more difficult customers to deal with, for any poison used for their destruction is always absorbed by the soil, which is a sure protection to them. I have never found a sure remedy for these pests; and can only secure my seed by planting enough for their wants and mine too, and if they get more than their share, I plant new hills a few inches from the old ones thus destroyed, and "thin out" at second hoeing.—*Granite Farmer.*

DIGGING AND KEEPING POTATOES.—Since the prevalence of the fatal potato disease, it is found that early lifting, or digging, is a great security against its attacks. Potatoes planted the first of May, may be harvested the latter part of September. The crop, however, is in a peculiar condition the present season. In all the region over which the excessive drought of the past summer has extended, the potato had at one time wholly ceased growing; the rains of last month resuscitated it, and now the tubers are growing as rapidly as at any time during the year. This condition of things will make the crop late, and it is probable that severe frosts will find it watery and immature. If such should be the circumstances, great care will be requisite in handling to prevent bruising and breaking the skin. It will not be safe either to store in large heaps on account of the great liability to fermentation in all imperfectly ripened vegetables and fruit. Fifteen or twenty bushels will be as many as can be safely buried in one pit.

Ventilation is indispensable to the perfect preservation of potatoes in pits or cellars. A plan we tried last year, and which proved a most excellent one, is this:—Take two pieces of inch board, four to eight inches wide, and long enough to reach from the bottom of the pit out above the top about six inches, after the covering of winter is put on. For a pit of twenty bushels, four feet will be long enough. Lay these pieces on edge and tack on pieces of common lath, or something similar, three or four inches long, an inch apart. This done, you have a ventilator, which, if taken care of in spring, will last a lifetime. When winter sets in, thrust in at the top a wisp of straw, and tack a shingle or board on to keep out rains. In spring, your potatoes, if well covered, will come out in fine eating order.

STRAIGHTEN THEIR BACKS.—I once had a cow from which I could not get a drop of milk. I fed her, coaxed her, and tried by all the gentle means I could think of, but all in vain; the milk would not come. I discovered that she held her milk by contracting her muscles, and that in so doing, rounded up her back. The thought struck me, that if I could keep her back straight, she could not retain her milk; and by way of experiment, I held the sharp corner of a small stick of wood on her back with one hand, and while milking with the other, found that she had not the power to hold her milk. I then sawed a piece of board just long enough to reach from the flooring over head to the cow's back, as she stood in her natural position, fastened one end of the board to the upper flooring, by a leather hinge, hewed the other out thin and sharp, like a wedge let it hang down over the cow. When I commenced milking, she would attempt to raise her back to contract her muscles, but the wedge-like end of the board was more than a match for her. She could not round her back, nor retain her milk, and in a few days was entirely cured of the evil habit.—*Ed. Portland Pleasure Boat.*

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.—The Journal of Commerce contains a communication from Mr. John F. Collins, upon the subject of casualties by lightning, arguing to show that barns in or near which manure heaps or newly-gathered crops are fermenting, are much more frequently struck by lightning than are all other buildings put together. As a protection to houses, it has been recommended that they be ventilated before and closed during a tempest, that lightning might not be attracted by the ascending vapor. That vapor ascending by day and not by night rendered buildings safer during a tempest by night than by day. The writer says that of eight or ten casualties by lightning in New York and the adjoining towns, all have occurred in the day time, and all, with one exception, have been barns with manure heaps fermenting near them, and in which several horses have been killed, standing, of course, near those manure heaps. The excepted building was a saw mill, beside which lay fermenting sawdust and chip-dung of years' accumulation, and some of recent origin, and upon which rubbish was piled to near half the height of the building. The lightning struck opposite the rubbish, and a large portion passed out near it.

The attention of farmers and others should be directed to this subject, in order that the facts may be collected upon which a safe conclusion may be founded. The suggestion of the correspondent is of serious importance, involving, as it does, the safety of a large amount of property.

REMOVING PLANTS.—Tender plants for green houses and parlors, must be removed from the earth by the last of September, that they may begin their season fresh and free from discoloration or weakness from early frosts. Hardy and half-hardy annuals, that are yet blooming in open beds in the time of the first frosts, may be kept much longer in flower, by throwing a light covering over them at nights, as netting or sheets, supported by chairs, or props, or branches, from breaking the stems. Those plants suffer first from the frosts, that have most succulent (juicy) stems, (except those naturally "tender,") and those in the dampest ground. This is why professional gardeners drain the subsoil of their parterres, and use light, dry upper soils, and build rockeries from which water naturally escapes.—Some herbaceous plants may be kept along many weeks later than usual in flower, by protecting them as already mentioned on severe nights, and strewing tan, litter, leaves or straw, to retain heat and throw off water. These protectors, or sand, or ashes, laid carefully over the roots, and about the collars of delicate ligneous plants, will preserve them from year to year, through ordinary winters.

SOWING PLASTER.—Plaster is one of those special manures which sometimes produce surprising results, and at others no visible effects whatever, without any apparent cause for this difference, but which is doubtless owing to peculiarities in the composition of soils which analysis cannot detect. Its utility can be determined only by actual experiment in the different localities where it is used. Under favorable circumstances we have seen a bushel per acre double the growth of clover, or add fifteen times its own weight to the crop. It has proved beneficial to corn on light land, but its effects are not usually very apparent. On wheat, oats, and grass crops, not clover, it is not often of much value. It is said that if sown in autumn on wheat, its best results will be produced. It is commonly sown after the crops are up, the fall of rain dissolving so minute a quantity, and carrying it among the roots of plants. We see no advantage in brushing the grass. Plaster is found to be unnecessary in much larger quantities than a bushel per acre. Ashes may be mixed with it without injury, in any experiment with those two manures.—*Country Gentleman.*

A WRINKLE ABOUT THE AGE OF HORSES.—A few days ago we met a gentleman from Alabama, who gave us a piece of information in regard to ascertaining the age of a horse, after he or she has passed the ninth year, which was new to us, and will be, we are sure, to most of our readers. It is this: after the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for each year over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman; and he is confident it will never fail. As a good many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried. If true, the horse dentist must give up his trade.—*Southern Planter.*

CLOVER TO ENRICH LAND.—I have sowed clover seed some fifteen or twenty years, and find it a very cheap mode of enriching land. Some land on my farm that would not produce over twenty-five or thirty bushels of corn per acre when I bought it, will now produce seventy-five or eighty bushels per acre—and with a good coat of manure, I have no doubt it could be made to produce in a good season, over one hundred bushels per acre.—*T. Gardner, in Ohio Cultivator.*

CURIOUS DYING SCENES.—According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's cork-screw and thumb-bottle in his hand. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the Cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he found his strength declining, and his last moments approaching. He then said—"Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain—the farce is over." When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King, Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent to the Marquis de Dangeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his Countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will filch from you the credit of my conversion."

VERY HARD.—A jolly fellow had an office next to a Doctor's. One day an elderly gentleman of the old fogy school blundered into the wrong shop.

"Dr. X——— in?"

"Don't live here," says P———, who was in the full scribble over some important papers, without looking up.

"Oh I thought this was his office"

"Next door."

"Pray, sir, can you tell me, has the Doctor many patients?"

"Not living."

The old gentleman was never heard of in the vicinity, but the story was, and Dr. X——— threatened to sue P——— for libel. However, he came to think better of it.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 77 letters.

My 2, 8, 10, 30, 17, was a distinguished American patriot and orator.

My 7, 30, 3, 37, 8, 9 10, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 14, 20, 33, 37, 50, 11, 25, 61, 29, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 15, 9, 12, 72, was a distinguished American statesman.

My 13, 13, 46, 19, 45, 63, 53, 8, 54, 75, was a most consummate American General and statesman.

My 18, 31, 16, 46, 44, 36, 70, was a noted American Senator.

My 19, 9, 54, 15, 8, 30, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 21, 12, 3, 7, 40, 34, 33, 66, was a tyrannical Roman Emperor.

My 29, 9, 60, 33, 35, 70, was a hero of the American Revolution.

My 25, 70, 12, 30, 63, 9, 74, 49, was a President of the United States.

My 35, 28, 72, 59, 12, 6, was a distinguished officer who fell at the Battle of South Camden.

My 37, 30, 72, 40, 11, 73, was a celebrated English poet.

My 40, 56, 60, 3, 14, 67, 26, 68, 70, 39, 36, is a noted French poet.

My 46, 64, 42, 7, 24, 50, 27, 69, was a distinguished American General.

My 46, 13, 67, 72, 16, 66, 63, 3, 60, 74, was one of the most renowned poets of England.

My 48, 7, 50, 12, 70, 4, 13, 75, was an American General in the Revolutionary war.

My 53, 51, 64, 46, 54, 75, 9, 7, 32, 48, was a brave officer in the U. S. Navy.

My 52, 51, 7, 75, 32, 18, 33, 40, 67, 7, 46, is a noted Indian Chief of the present time.

My 53, 60, 75, 63, was the founder of my native State.

My 55, 12, 64, 30, 59, 73, 71, 62, is a distinguished member of the U. S. Senate.

My 55, 33, 47, 75, 51, 14, was a daring and heroic officer in the American Revolution.

My 67, 59, 35, 60, 9, 48, 40, was an English tyrant in the early Colonial times.

My 73, 43, 63, 8, 10, 61, 21, 23, 46, was a noted Indian warrior.

My 72, 64, 46, 46, 7, 41, 32, is a foreigner who created considerable excitement in the United States.

My whole was spoken by one of America's most gifted sons, and should be the motto of every American.

GAHMEW.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CINROS.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 15, 14, 9, 29, 37, was a famous King of the Titans.

My 3, 36, 16, 26, 42, 59, 54, was a title of Cybele and Fortune.

My 33, 18, 17, 37, 57, was a Roman goddess.

My 19, 48, 56, 10, 23, was the island where Apollo was born.

My 4, 53, 21, 41, 25, 11, 32, 28, 61, 54, 63, 18, was a title of Venus.

My 20, 50, 29, 51, 27, 43, 26, was the Goddess of Woods.

My 33, 35, 23, 24, 15, 5, 55, 43, was the Goddess of History.

My 40, 45, 25, 2, 16, 49, 18, 58, 34, 38, were Nymphs of Meadows, &c.

My 7, 45, 17, 61, 23, 49, 47, 62, 13, 1, 39, was the Muse of Music.

My 6, 60, 29, 30, was one of the Nereids.

My 32, 22, 10, 8, was a famous city of Phrygia, celebrated for holding out a siege of ten years.

My 60, 18, 47, 18, 28, 16, was a King of Arcadia turned by Jupiter into a wolf.

My 9, 63, 37, 27, 26, 50, was a name of the Argonauts.

My 41, 12, 45, 44, 21, 38, was the daughter of Nereus and Doris and Goddess of the Sea.

My 31, 43, 9, 64, was the Goddess of Report.

My 52, 59, 38, 23, 15, 57, 48, 57, was the Goddess of wearied persons.

My whole is an American poet of some note.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 50 letters.

My 43, 36, 37, 46, 13, 31, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 9, 29, 16, 32, 10, is a river in Asia.

My 7, 20, 33, is a city in France.

My 21, 23, 14, 26, 17, is an island on the coast of Europe.

My 1, 29, 34, 38, is a river in Europe.

My 18, 25, 41, 47, 21, is a lake in South America.

My 16, 2, 35, 6, 7, 19, 23, 35, 15, 39, is a city in Mexico.

My 40, 27, 45, 11, 44, 24, 3, 31, is a mountain in Europe.

My 21, 5, 33, 20, 8, 28, 32, 30, 49, 47, is a county in one of the Middle States.

My 34, 50, 29, 37, 21, 2, 35, 20, 7, is a town in New York.

My 45, 6, 38, 48, 10, 4, 22, 27, is a city in Europe.

My 34, 18, 15, 30, 12, 35, 47, 31, 6, 2, 37, 23, is a county in Virginia.

My 43, 2, 24, 32, 6, is a river in Germany.

My whole was a discovery made in the sixteenth century.

W. E. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If it were not for my first
You would surely never see
The blushing rose, the waving corn,
Or the giant forest tree.

The Indian will my second take,
And o'er the mountain go;
With nimble step and flashing eye,
To shoot the buffalo.

My whole's oft seen in summer time,
Far in the eastern sky,
When balmy breezes float along,
And evening draweth nigh.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an animal,
'Tis found in manors;
My second's a substance,
Much used by tanners;
My whole is used in school,
An article to rule.

MILOS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you'll find all prudish maids;
My second's bloom is winter fades;
My whole most surely decks the field,
When summer down their fragrance yield.

Dorsett, Illinois. MORVILLE.

PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The earth is 850,000,000 miles from the sun. Jupiter is 470,000,000 miles from the sun, and its diameter is 87,000 miles. Saturn is 900,000,000 miles from the sun, and its diameter is 79,000 miles. How much more light, therefore, do we receive from Jupiter than from Saturn, when they are in opposition to the sun?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sold goods for £30 13s., and by so doing lost 17 per cent., whereas I ought to have made 20 per cent. At how much under their just value were they sold?

Boyle Co., Ky. T. W. T.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a man like a crowbar? Ans.—When he goes in for a prize.

☞ What would be an Englishman's reply on being asked what he called the frame of a ship? Ans.—An ulcer (hull, sir)

☞ What river is spelled with four letters that may be spelled with two? Ans.—The Elbe (L. B).

☞ When is a man like an infant? Ans.—When he's in arms.

☞ When is a man like a watch? Ans.—When he's on guard.

☞ When is a man like a boot? Ans.—When he goes on foot.

Lincoln Co., Ky.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. MISCELLANEOUS AND DOUBLE ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—The Great Discovery of the Pacific Ocean, by Vasco Nunez de Balboa. Acrostically—Saturday Evening Post. Finally—Henry Peterson, Editor. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Intelligence and Morality. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Great Massacre by the Indians, in Virginia. CHARADE—Ignis fatuus. CHARADE—En-cy-clo-pe-di-a (Encyclopedia). CHARADE—Sexton. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—3, 4 and 12. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM—100 horses.